

Vol. XII--No. 9



St. Louis, Thursday, April 10, 1902

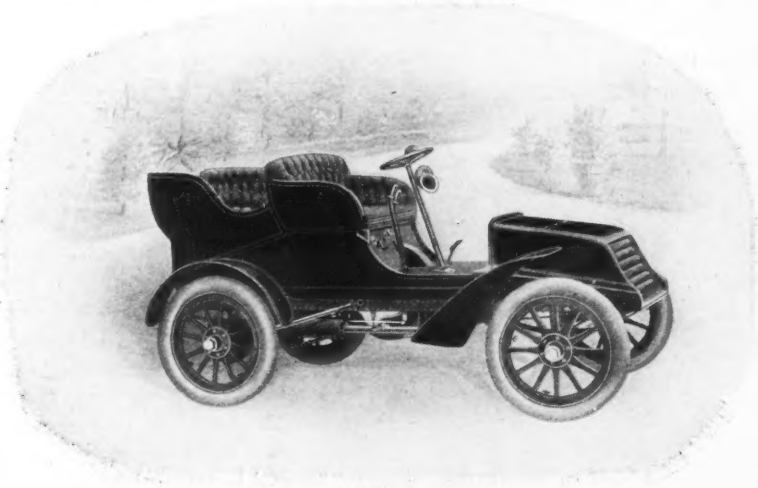
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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

The Mirror



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The Mirror.

VOL. 12—No. 9.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1902.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: Our Garbage and the Grand Jury—Rhodes Philanthropist—A Little Spot—Wall Street Come-Ons—German-American Morality—Depositing the Surplus Books—Spring Styles—Municipal Ownership in Maryland—In Kansas—Ware Hamiltonics—A Fatal Friend—Baseball—World's Fair Questions—Letter Carriers' Pay—The New York Customs—General Miles—Columbia and the Courtiers Not a Dead One—Schwab Goes in For Colors, etc., etc.	1-5
CHARM AND THE AUTOMATON: By V. Von Arndt	5
BALLAD OF PENITENCE: By Frank Morton	5
CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT: By Jelby	5-6
CIVIC HOME RULE: By John H. Raftery	6-7
BROTHERS: By Elia W. Peattie	7
PIERPONT'S PHILOSOPHY: By Francis A. House	7
OUR ALEXANDER THE GREAT: By Percival Pollard	7-8
THE BEGINNING OR THE END? By Margaret Price	8-9
MR. FRANCIS AND FOREST PARK: By Charles A. Todd, M. D.	10
SOCIETY	11
THE ARTISTS' GUILD PICTURES: By Charles M. Kurtz	12-14
THEATRICALS: Herr Sonnenthal—The White Squadron—The Players' Club	14-15
COMING ATTRACTIONS	15-16
MUSIC: The Symphony Society and Thomas—Nordica To-night—The Apollo Club Vindicated	16-17
THE SOCIETY WOMAN	18
QUEER SCHOOL DISCIPLINE	19
THE STOCK MARKET	20-21
THE CIVIC IDEAL: By Frank T. Carlton	22

REFLECTIONS.

Our Garbage and the Grand Jury

ST. LOUIS stands confessed before the world as the home of the most monstrous municipal corruption in America. Before the findings of the February Grand Jury the bribery-and-corruption records of our metropolitan rivals pale to the disappearing point. We have Philadelphia and its water-ring, New York and Tammany, Chicago and its Bathhouses, beaten to a walk. If we can derive any satisfaction from this victory, this pre-eminence, let us hasten to do so now. There are people who would rather succeed, in no matter what, than not to get notice of some sort or another; they would rather gain fame as citizens of the place where the big boodlers come from, than not gain fame at all. Yet before we give way to joy at having leaped at once to the very pinnacle of perjury, bribery and fraud in the eyes of the world, let us remember that there may be disadvantages in this victory. The eyes of the world will presently be centered more upon St. Louis than upon any city in America. The time is short enough for the thing that should be done. What the Grand Jury has

told us in its blunt way most of us have, if not known, at least, suspected. Nothing is so corrosive as the attitude of tolerance; tolerance, the easy shrug that implies a certain amount of theft and boodlery as a necessary adjunct to modern municipal governments. These are the things that have sent us far down the path of scandal and guilt. A share of the scandal and guilt, now publicly fastened upon a baker's dozen or so of individuals, falls upon the entire community. The city that is soon to invite the entire world to its gates now comes before that world as the chief civic criminality in the American body. It is essentially doubtful whether a reputation for civic corruption will add to our chances for being a popular place of resort for travelers of all nations. A city that is blazoned abroad as the home of the Big Boodler does not recommend itself to the outer stranger as a place where pure air, clear water and clean streets are to be found. The Big Boodler is a rapacious beast and it eats up the things that make for pleasant living. The time, to repeat this warning, once again, is short enough. The Grand Jury has blinked at nothing, and has minced no words. Such a summing up as this, from its report: "No city has ever been so completely at the mercy of faithless public servants. No municipal corporation has ever had its most valuable franchises so recklessly and scandalously disposed of for a consideration which found its way, not to the city treasury, but into itching palms of the public pilferers, leaves nothing to the imagination; nor do its specific indictments. The community, then, must leave none of the punishment to mere chance. However deep the roots of the evil may go they must be found, eradicated, blown to the four winds. The time is short. While our Municipal Assembly stands branded as illiterate, perjured, bribed, it is with a poor grace that we invite the stranger to come within the gate. No matter how far off postponement places the Fair, still the time is perilously short for what must be done. The immediate behests of our February Grand Jury must be carried out; that is the least of the duties. The great achievement lies behind. The really tremendous house-cleaning must take place in the minds of the people of St. Louis. The attitude of easy tolerance must be dropped, and dropped utterly. Men's minds must be purged of sympathy with successful dealings simply because they are successful. Towards the end of the Grand Jury report there is a significant sentence: "We find that the city ordinances regarding the hauling of the garbage are not enforced." Here is the text to go upon for months to come: let us haul the garbage. Haul the garbage out of the Municipal Assembly, out of the high places in corporations and civic power, and out of our own minds. Whatever our political sympathies, our peculiar views in civic administration, we must, in justice to the fact that we mean to keep open-house for all the world and his wife, haul our garbage, and haul it entirely out of sight and memory. This is an appeal to wisdom, not to morals. Expediency compels where morals might plead in vain. As moralists we might expose ourselves to the ridicule of the outside world if we attempted too drastic measures against our inner rottenness. But as expediencists we run no such risk. If an appeal to expediency rather than to morals seems to insult the great City of St. Louis, let it be pointed out that the Grand Jury has branded this city as one that is at the opposite extreme from Caesar's wife.

Hope for Our Fair

MR. PAT SHEEDY has promised to visit the Louisiana Purchase Fair. Mr. Sheedy is a person of prominence and he usually has a large following. His profession is one that succeeds on success. We may take his promise as an augury of our Fair's success. Aside from the more prosaic occupations of Mr. Sheedy, it will be recalled

that he had much to do with the recovery of the Reynolds painting of the Gainsborough beauty. Like Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Sheedy undertakes any little matter that seems to promise credit and profit. Whether it be the opulent stranger with a nice roll cumbering his pocket-book, or a picture with a history, Mr. Sheedy is always willing to oblige with whatever is needed. If the stranger's roll needs flattening, or the picture needs a hiding-place—apply to Mr. Sheedy. He is a genial buccaneer and he has nimble wit. He is the sort of fellow one would be delighted to lose money to. His frankness, his blunt candor, compel admiration. He was in Hot Springs, the other day, but he went away declaring there was "nothing doing, nothing doing. No sick, rich people there." As for the Pan-American Fair, at Buffalo, said Mr. Sheedy, he had intended to "open up" there, but he found the police were too rapacious. He means to try St. Louis; he has hopes of us. What Mr. Sheedy has been learning about St. Louis from the newspapers, in the past few days, must have shaped his hopes more definitely than before. We may not be able to lay hands on Councilman Kratz, but we find solace in the thought that Sheedy is coming.

Parlor-Polo in the East

PING-PONG is not the latest cry of fashion in the East. Parlor-polo is the newest occupation for those whose lifetime is spent in chasing away the wolf of boredom from the door. Parlor-polo consists of mounting astride a stick, ornamented with a pony's head or similar device, and hopping about the room trying to hit an inoffensive ball with a ridiculously incompetent mallet. This game is not played by children, but by grown-up men and women. First cousin to parlor-polo is the baby-party. As played not long ago at the house of Mrs. William Schall, of Washington, New London, and various other smart places of residence, this diversion consisted of the several guests, prominent in social and diplomatic circles in the Capital, appearing in the garments of infancy, the women beribboned, and frilled. The men, mostly, carried feeding-bottles, filled with champagne. Dolls, rattles, pink pigs, fuzzy sheep, and similar articles were used as favor. It must have been a lovely party. One wonders just how far the infantile dressing business was allowed to go. Did the baby garments begin at the top or the bottom? And why, in the name of all that is decent, do we not hear that someone at this party was spanked? If ever any set of idiots deserved prolonged attention on the part of the spanking-machine that some genius should hasten to invent, this crowd that plays baby parties and parlor-polo is the special one that deserves it. It will keep Mr. Clyde Fitch exceedingly busy if he means to put into his new plays all the asinities of our society. Nothing seems too exaggerated in its imbecility for these people. In its milder diversions the East is usually copied, after a time, by the rest of the country. But one cannot imagine the rest of the country taking to parlor-polo and baby parties. The saner elements of the community prefer to devote care and time to babies of their own, rather than to turn themselves into babies physically and intellectually. Nowhere is there so crying a need for a Fresh-Air fund as in the East; the fresh air should be applied morally, mentally and physically. Fresh air and a spanking, that is what these persons need.

Rhodes, Philanthropist

THE late Cecil Rhodes, in the light of his last will and testament, was not such a materialistic person after all. He cherished a dream and an ideal, and both were anything but selfish. He had an ideal of an empire founded on something better than force. His gift to education is a splendid one, and the purposes to which he would have that education directed, the harmonization of Great Britain,

Germany and the United States, are such as even the most violent opponents of Rhodesism may honestly approve. Rhodes made his fortune the foundation of an effort to promote peace among the dominant nations. The organizer of South Africa was a philanthropist in his own fashion, and it is a fashion that no sane man can condemn. Posterity will probably make up to the fame of Rhodes for all the obloquy he earned from his contemporaries.



A Little Spot

THE worst-appearing incident of the Roosevelt Administration has been the apparent dicker with the pension pirates, resulting in the resignation of Pension Commissioner H. Clay Evans. If Evans was right, he should not have been offered something equally as good to make room for some one more satisfactory to the pension pirates. This incident seems to be the only one that lays the President open to an accusation of seeming disingenuousness.



Wall Street Come-Ons

THE greatest gang of come-ons in the land is the Wall street gang. Get them on any side, save the obvious one of piling millions on millions, and they are the softest thing this side of the soft clam. The peripatetic vagrant marks them with a cross in his thieves' memorandum book, and the able-bodied simulator of deformity has a chalk-mark all over their backs. If there is any point on which they are easier than another it is that of notoriety. Almost any unauthorized gang, if it pretend to be a Press club, an association of illustrative sandbaggers, or that ilk, can play these Wall street magnates for dupes. The thing has been done so often that it would beggar space to tell the tale of it. Yet these giant suckers continue to bite with a vigor that shows their appetite for publicity abnormal to an extent where it dims their intelligence. The latest plan to beguile them into giving up their too easily earned dollars for the fancy of perpetuating themselves upon posterity is that of a book of caricatures of members of the New York Stock Exchange. Let us waive altogether the question as to whether the artists who have banded together for this pious little plan will have an easy task or not. That is not the question. The point is that in the name of this sort of thing a deal of fraud has been done, and one wonders if, no matter how well these stockbrokers can afford to lose money, in this case their outlay will really gain a proper return? Each member of this self-booming syndicate is to have one copy of this book, also the original of the caricature that depicts himself. After a limited number of copies have been printed, the plates will be destroyed. A premium of \$75 has already been offered for extra copies of this noble work. Such artists as Bush, Nolan, Rogers and Davenport are to contribute these designs. One hopes all these promises will be kept. But it has been known to be otherwise. It is an unfortunate fact that in the name of the press more fakirs flourish and grow fat than under almost any black flag that floats. Schemes exactly similar to this one have been sprung time and again. Newspaper men of the type that do their work while composing a solid phalanx alongside Lipton's rail on Park Place—and this Mr. Lipton is not in the tea business—have quenched their need for other activities in life simply by arranging pleasant little raids of this sort upon the Wall street pocket-book. I can give names and documents in at least one case where the artists' names in the prospectus never touched paper on the project; where the weight of their names was used merely to boost a worthless plan to apparent respectability, and where some of the officials of the black-mailing trick, for that is the English for many of these little games, only barely escaped imprisonment for various crimes. I have nothing against the artists who are said to be represented in the forthcoming book, and if I had I could wish them nothing much worse than the task they are said to have set themselves. My sympathy is also in good working order for the gentleman who may fall to the lot of Mr. Davenport. It is years since Davenport drew anything that remotely resembled the human being. I do not say that the stockbroker is bound to suggest the semblance, yet I

think that in decency he should be made to seem so. The stockbroker, like the novelist, or the municipal assemblyman, must live, though we others may not see the necessity. But whether a caricature by Davenport be not a species of premature burial there may be grave doubts. The thorough details of the plan have not yet reached me, but I trust that I shall be able to keep the world informed of its progress. In the meanwhile, I would remark that the best caricaturists in the land are not down on the list of men mentioned. And as to the come-ons in Wall Street, if they would heed a little well-meant advice, before they sign their subscriptions to this book they will first go to some slight pains to discover from each artist, personally, if he really is in the plan, or is merely having his name used against his wishes or intentions to aid. It would be too painful if the come-on from Wall street should once more have to share a fellow-feeling with the rural cousin who signs sewing-machine orders only to discover that they are notes payable on demand.



German-American Morality

A HASTY verdict touching the nationalities composing the men indicted by the February grand jury might easily turn into an accusation against the uprightness of the average German-American. Fortunately a glance at the membership of the Grand Jury itself will restore the balance.



Depositing the Surplus Books

THE librarians of the country are becoming alarmed at the fearful increase in books, and the question of where to put them grows louder. The smaller libraries, despite all that Mr. Carnegie has been doing to spread havoc among the happy illiterates, are already full to overflowing. The suggestion has been made that the larger libraries, such as the Astor, in New York, the Newberry, in Chicago, and the more important of the Public Libraries everywhere, be made depositories for the surplus from the smaller institutions. That is all very well, but that is not stemming the flood by any means. We have scriptural reasons for refusing to believe that bookmaking can ever be entirely stopped, yet it can at least be moderated. One effective way of putting a stop to the useless volumes that deluge us would be to make it unfashionable to discuss literature. If it were not for the cheap conversationalists who carry "have you read the new novel?" as one of their stock phrases, there would be a good deal less time wasted over rubbish. As it is now, while a large share of such conversation is entirely play-acting, there still remain some persons who actually do read the book that they hear about in this way. The pity is that the majority talk about books merely because they are astonished at the size of the advertisement that announces them. If the trouble cannot be reached at its source there is still another chance for the small libraries to keep a little room on their shelves. It is a matter of depository again, but a much more radical one. Galveston needs a sea-wall. Let it be built of the bad books. They would be as heavy as any other material obtainable; they would be ridiculously cheap, and no self-respecting bay or gulf would think of mastering them in bulk.



Spring Styles

Is it too late to observe that the World, the Flesh and the Dakotas are once more the fashion?



Municipal Ownership in Maryland

ADVOCATES of municipal ownership of light, power, transit and so on, find a curious problem confronting them in the case of the Western Maryland railroad. For months past this railroad has been a bone of contention. Almost every large financial house, every great trunk line, has been accused of wishing and trying to buy it. The ranks of the aspirants for ownership of the Western Maryland have been pretty well thinned down, until now the Gould interests appear to stand the best chance, if there is really to be a sale of this property. In the City of Baltimore, which

city is the owner of the Western Maryland, there is great difference of opinion; the majority strongly urge retention of the road. Here is a case of municipal ownership, then, that seems doomed to end, not from failure, but from the too great importance of the district covered. The Western Maryland holds the key to tidewater for a number of transcontinental systems that wish to rival the existing roads that touch the Atlantic coast. The Western Maryland is owned by the City of Baltimore. It is not, it is true, operated as a municipal graft. The ownership is merely one of stock. Yet the resulting problem is none the less interesting. Is municipal ownership, where it is successful, merely to result in sale to the highest bidders? Why engage in the plan primarily if at the end submission to private corporations is to ensue? The chances are that the Western Maryland will not much longer be able to resist the temptations being offered. The Mayor of Baltimore, who can assert a good deal more authority in the matter than equity would call for, is not the type of mortal to put the public interest very far before the prospect of immediate profit for his political fortunes. However one may regret, if this practical experiment in municipal ownership comes to this finish, the need for that regret seems inevitable. One will have to fall back upon the hope that the accession of a new system to the Atlantic seaboard will make against the chances for such a pool as the Northwest is just now fighting against. The more the merrier. If the Western Maryland is to be swallowed up, let the best men do the swallowing, that is the most one can hope.



In Kansas

A PREACHER out in Kansas has been condemned for heresy. This is astonishing in view of the fact that in Kansas the only true orthodoxy is heterodoxy, whether in religion or politics. Is Kansas becoming dully conservative?



'Ware Hamiltonics

LOOK out for the Hamilton craze. It is in the air. Presently there will be Kens of Hamilton, and we will all be heartily sick of the most arrant aristocrat that ever devoted his life to the foundation of an empiric democracy. Mrs. Atherton, body of a woman, brain of a man and soul of a neuter, has pointed the way for the Hamilton cult. Events conspire to further her schemes. Her new book on Hamilton is dedicated to Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton and now Dr. Hamilton appears before the world as the male actor in a pair of Sioux Falls divorces and a remarriage. Dr. Hamilton is an alienist, a noted physician. In this, as in the divorce detail, he inherits directly. Alexander Hamilton left medical science a great legacy upon the use of ice in certain diseases, and he was himself the issue of what, if divorce had been the fashion one hundred years ago, would have been regarded as a most romantic post-divorce courtship. There was, unfortunately, no Sioux Falls on Nevis, D. W. I.



A Fatal Friend

COL. W. H. PHELPS, king of the lobby in Missouri, seems to be acting on the MIRROR's suggestion that the easiest way for him to defeat William J. Stone for the Senate, is to come out in support of that gentleman. The Colonel and the ex-Governor had a little *rapprochement* at Kansas City, the other day, when they spoke for the first time in more than a year.



Base Ball

THE base ball season is at hand and it is a great relief. We shall have a new set of heroes to talk about. We shall have umpires to denounce instead of statesmen and generals. We can get our minds off all municipal matters by applauding or criticising the home club and its management. Base ball is a great thing for the relaxation of the great American people. There is no more delectable insanity than that which comes with the struggle for the pennant. Baseball can wake us up and work us up more effectively than even politics or war. It is more

intoxicating than booze, and it leaves no headache. There's nothing wiser a fellow can do from now until about October, than become a boisterous and cantankerous baseball crank.

World's Fair Questions

THE only question about the World's Fair now is whether it will be postponed till 1904 or 1905—that and the question of how many more trees are to be slaughtered in Forest Park before that devil's work is finished.

Letter Carriers' Pay

THERE are some people who oppose the movement to increase the pay of letter carriers. Yet letter carriers should be as well paid as firemen or policemen, and all over the country the fact is quite otherwise. The theory that anybody who has a stout pair of legs can be a letter carrier, may have been true once upon a time, but nowadays each letter carrier has to be possessed of a high grade of intelligence, and he has to keep a somewhat elaborate set of books at his desk in addition to covering his route. Furthermore he is entrusted with the money of the people in quite large sums in the course of the year, and he is often charged with the duty of registering letters at the homes of the senders. The pay of letter carriers in cities of the first class is six hundred dollars for the first year, eight hundred for the second year and one thousand for the third and subsequent years. The highest pay, therefore, can hardly be said to be adequate for a man who works as many hours as the letter carrier and works with both mind and body. It is a fact that by the time a carrier has reached his third year he is usually in debt, because of the meager pay of the preceding years. It is to be remembered that the carrier has first to be a substitute and in that position must work for an average salary of \$25 per month, which is a miserable pittance and helps to put upon the carrier a burden of debt. The letter carrier at the highest pay is hardly able to put aside much for a rainy day and misfortunes or mistakes in the handling of mails may cost him some money in vigorously enforced fines, and after some years the letter carrier can very rarely fit himself for another occupation. The work of the place is rather more arduous than the majority of people imagine. The burden of the mail-bag grows continuously heavier; the number of trips daily tends to increase; the number of incidental duties is always multiplying; the demand for intelligence on the part of the carrier grows steadily; his responsibilities are growing always more numerous; expenditure for uniforms is much larger and overtime work is constantly piling up on the man with the mail-bag. The general conditions of living involve more expense than when the prevailing pay of carriers was fixed. The letter carriers are, in the MIRROR's opinion, entitled to the increase of salary which a recent ruling of the Postal Department prohibits their soliciting or agitating. The denial of this right to ask for more pay is enough to justify citizens in writing to their Senators and Representatives urging the increase of pay.

The New York Customs

VERY politely, but very firmly, Secretary of the Treasury Shaw has put the case of baggage inspection at the port of New York back just where it was before several hundred indignant ladies of the land began their expostulations on the score of incivility, discrimination, delay and other grievances. Mr. Shaw has taken evident pains to achieve justice. He has written letters to each and every lady signing the petition. Some of the best names in America were represented in that list of names, certainly some of the best names in Washington and New York. Mr. Shaw inclined his ear; he wrote letters; he went in person to the docks and watched the ordinary procedure of a big liner's advent. The trouble is, as the painstaking official he must needs be, he asked these good ladies to be more specific than it is in the nature of woman to be. He ends his investigation with the verdict that the charges against the customs officers are not specific enough to war-

rant action. It is a pity that, under such circumstances, the specific question and answer seem the necessary expedient of bureaucracy. The result of these specific questions and answers is carefully tabulated by Mr. Shaw: he sets forth the number of women who, out of the thousand odd signing the petition, actually report specifically touching delay, insolence or discrimination; in no case does the number exceed ten. On the other hand some fifty admit courteous treatment. It is the same on the other counts. In other words, something less than a hundred of the ten times that number at first indignant to the ink-spilling point could eventually be made to specify. But that was to be expected; it is rarely in the nature of woman to specify. She does not need that; the dullard man is the only creature needing the brutality of specifications. She reaches by instinct and vision what a man has to have figures for. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw may be polite, but he is not well illumined on the nature feminine. He might have known it was hopeless to ask a thousand women to be specific, to say nothing of the fact that statistics are as fallible as photography. It was Disraeli who made the remark, that there were three stages of inaccuracy: lies, d—d lies and statistics. Even if Mr. Shaw could pile up a mountain of statistics to the effect that the customs inspection at New York is as it should be, or though the first women in the land are not able to pile up their statistics to the opposite effect, the fact remains plain to the dimmest eye that ever looked at West Street, New York, that there is a deal of rottenness in that procedure. There is corruption, there is scant courtesy and there is discrimination, and if Mr. Shaw does not in his heart of hearts know it, he is not the shrewd man of affairs one has taken him for. It is still his duty to make an investigation of his own. To make these ladies practically conduct their own investigation is not playing the game fairly. The accusation still rests where it did, against the department.

General Miles

GENERAL MILES is still in the newspapers. He will hold on to his job at all hazards. Evidently the General enjoys being made a punching bag for the Administration. It would seem that any other soldier subjected to such treatment as he has received for the past five years, would call for an investigation or would expose the secret of the attacks upon him, but General Miles simply smiles the more serenely every time he is swatted. Beyond doubt his must be an egotism absolutely invincible.

Columbia and the Courtiers

NEVER in the history of nations has there been a belle as omnipotent as Columbia is to-day. Flirting for Columbia's favor is the fashionable pastime of European potentates. It is more than pastime, it is policy. The late Cecil John Rhodes wrote this codicil to his will, a document calculated to soften posterity's verdict on his mistakes, and increase the stability of his fame. "A good understanding between England, Germany and the United States will secure the peace of the world, and educational relations form the strongest tie." In pursuit of this good understanding England and Germany seem engaged in a very vigorous flirtation for our favors. We are not yet done with explaining exactly why the German Prince came among us—Mr. Poultney Bigelow having so far offered the prize fool-theory, namely that the German Emperor wished our German-American citizens kept mindful of their expected duties to the Fatherland—and already there is rumor that the British sailor prince is to visit us. The special excuse for the invitation that is said to have gone to England is that the Prince of Wales attend the dedication of the New York Chamber of Commerce Building. Let the now apparent object be what it may, the breaking of a bottle of gooseberry wine over a cutwater, or the turning of a sod on a National gambling-hall, the fact remains that the British authorities will, in all likelihood, be glad enough to send out a British George for the German Henry we have just had here. If

the Prince of Wales does come let us hope he may prove a more palatable importation than the Australian commonwealth found him. In those rude regions they are not yet done passing ribald remarks upon the stiff and solemn ways of the heir apparent of England, and a trail of dismal impressions remained in his wake. Our tendency to hysteric enthusiasm will doubtless blind us to much that may be lacking of vivacity in this young man's character. So we will hope the invitation has safely reached him, even if Mr. J. P. Morgan was the special messenger engaged to carry it. Mr. Morgan, seeking always the "creditable" and "profitable" enterprise, may wish to turn the princely visitor into an incorporation. George ought to float well, or his sailorship has been overestimated. The cheerful publicists do not stop at British George. Their daisy chain was only satisfied by him for about forty-six hours. The German Emperor himself was the next promise. After him, King Edward, and after him—the deluge, or what? If we are going to be innkeepers for the monarchs of all Europe, let us do the thing thoroughly while we are at it. Let us invite the Tzar of all the Russias, the Sultan of Turkey and his entire harem, and the Ameer of All the Rest of It. Let us hope we will quickly get our fill of these exalted creatures. We wear out our fashions before their time, usually, and this is a fashion we cannot get done with too soon. We are in danger of becoming ridiculous before the world. It is not of an American that one says he dearly loves a lord, but it will soon be of him that one will declare he dotes on a king. So let them all come, male and female, potentates and petticoats; let them come and play in our huge circus, and when they have gone their homeward way again—for the love of commonsense let us take to minding our own republican business again.

Not a Dead One

RATHBONE, the advance courier of a certain kind of American method in Cuba, is to have his conviction reviewed by the Attorney-General of the United States, at the request of Senator Hanna. The Ohio Senator does not forget his friends, even when they are convicted of embezzlement, and he is still strong enough in the Senate to make it worth while to try to placate him. Hanna, it must be remembered, has two very good friends in the present Cabinet in Payne and Shaw. Marcus is far from being a "dead one."

Schwab Goes in for Colors

THE Pullman people are completing a private car for Charles M. Schwab that is to be the finest thing on wheels. Whether he played the wheel at Monte Carlo or not, Mr. Schwab is certainly going to be on velvet when he travels. There follow a few details of this neat little gypsy-cart: It is to be seventy feet long. The interior is to be Louis Fifteenth style. The two brass bedsteads cost \$1,000 each, and are handsomely chased. Mr. Schwab's room is in red; his wife's in blue and the dining-room in green. This is probably the time to take a little breath and consider carefully this noble picture. Does one sleep any more or less soundly in a bedstead that cost a thousand dollars? Is it any satisfaction, if a spreading rail shoots you into eternity, to know that you have just left a Louis Fifteenth interior? And who shall explain the triplicate mystery of the colors of those rooms? Red is the color of gold, and perhaps that is why Mr. Schwab chooses it for his special tint. As to the color of his wife's room, let us not even whisper any suggestion touching the tone of her hosiery, let us rather suggest that it is her romantic way of expressing gratitude for the blue steel that has gone so far to put her into this palace of a car. The dining-room is in green. A cynical old painter of no repute was in the habit of calling all landscapes "salads." The color-scheme of the Schwab dining-room suggests salads. Let us hope the Schwabs can mix a good salad. It is a thing that it is a crime to delegate to another. Even a billionaire may mix a very bad salad. An ordinary citizen with debts and frayed cuffs can walk around the millionaire, as likely as not, when it comes to composing a salad. Who shall say but

The Mirror

that the salad is as important as the syndicate? Both flourish on young, green things; but there all comparison ends. The decorations for the ceiling of this car have been done by a Boston woman named Frisbie. Is Whistler shuddering in the old age of his fame, one wonders, lest the glory of the Peacock Room be eclipsed? Well, he will have to wait and see. But one finds for such splurgings as this Schwab car anything except envy. A man, ragged or in millions, has but one appetite, one body to comfort, one set of senses to satisfy. The feast of Lucullus, dished in surroundings smacking of the Louvre, will matter nothing to the man who has no appetite. Nor red rooms, nor blue rooms, nor green rooms can secure a peaceful mind or sound slumber. When Mr. Schwab has passed the stage of building himself palaces on wheels, or on land, let him take a leaf from the book of a man who had desires and ambitions that went beyond personal ease, John Cecil Rhodes.

Are You There, Mr. Mansfield?

WHILE the question as to the authorship of *The Imitator*, is growing daily more pressing, especially in the fashionable quarters of New York, another question comes sharply home here this week. Is the *Arthur Wantage* of the book really drawn from Mr. Richard Mansfield? That is the question St. Louis now has an excellent chance to solve. Mr. Mansfield is playing at the Olympic Theater, this week, in a comedy of manners. Between this play and the play outlined in *The Imitator* there is no likeness, but then this is not the only play one has seen Mr. Mansfield in. The point is, is there really internal and external evidence sufficient to prove Mr. Mansfield actually the original of the actor-character in the story? Some slight details support the affirmative answer. On one occasion in *Beaucaire* Mr. Mansfield, after wonderful feats at arms, is called "the very bravest man in all the world;" with mock humility he retorts, "ah, no, only a poor French gentleman." Is this not somewhat like the line in the curtain-speech, and elsewhere in *The Imitator* when *Wantage* calls himself always "a poor actor?" That curtain-speech, as reported in the novel, by the way, must have hit the mark. Not to mention newspapers all over the country it has been copied in full by such an authority as Mr. Harrison Gray Fiske of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*. Mr. Fiske should know a curtain-speech when he sees one. Another New York authority on stage affairs, Mr. Charles F. Nirdlinger, has declared, in subtly ironic vein, that no actual player dare make such a speech as is quoted in *The Imitator*; his irony is based on the fact that he knows just such speeches and who made them. Mr. Mansfield has not yet made any important curtain-speech in St. Louis this week. But the week is only half over and, whatever we may think of Mr. Mansfield and his kinship to *Wantage*, the actor, in *The Imitator*, it would be vastly interesting to know what Mr. Mansfield himself thinks of that kinship.

A Tragedy of Fat

SARAH BERNHARDT grows fat! The divine Sarah, losing her semblance to Euclid's definition of a straight line, must lose some of her claim to divinity. It is sad to consider the divine Sarah a victim of obesity. It is more than hard; it is monstrous. Are we to relegate to the bitter past that ancient jest anent the empty cab that drove up to the theater, out of which stepped Sarah Bernhardt? Fearful thought! It is a jest that has grown positively fat on its own prosperity. And now Sarah grows fat! She is in despair; not a masseur or masseuse in all Paris can stem the tide of swelling adiposity. Can it be the result of the quarrel with Catulle Mendes? Let her hasten to repair the breach. M. Mendes is fat himself; let her consider how fearfully fat he is, the body of him and the soul of him, before she goes further in her disputation with him. Perhaps he has put the curse of his fat upon her; it does not do to quarrel with the fat-souled critics of the theater. Rage and passion and sorrow mostly make for attenuation; perhaps it is just the other way with the great Sarah. She has been angry with the good Catulle, and her

anger recoils upon her in coil upon coil of fat. Sadly we hum the refrain from "Patience" and wonder where is now the taper waist. Bitterly we long once again for a sight of the slim streak that men called Sarah Bernhardt, and, if indeed the fate of fatness is inescapably upon her, we would rather perish than gaze upon the ruins of her ethereal tenuity. Better dead, than fat, Sarah! What will all the liquid in your voice avail, what all the snaky undulance of your body, if that body's outlines be lost in mere flesh. We thought you a soul, Sarah, a slim, slight, skimpy soul, and you are, after all, fattening up. Fattening up, defying the efforts of massage, approaching the Catullian outline of the uncannily clever Mendes; oh, it is too bitter to think of the great Sarah actually living up thus to that interpretation of "greatness." Not that fatness is unknown to us on the stage; where would Wagnerian operas be without fat? But we simply cannot figure the Bernhardt fat. It is inconceivable, it is too sad for words. Others grow old, and we care not; the divine Sarah grows fat, and we mourn. One hears the verdict of another year or so: And how goes it with Sarah Bernhardt? She's fat, man, she's fat!

Bare Throats for Outdoors

IT has been the fashion for Americans who have visited Germany in the summer months to rail at the fashion the young ladies there have long had for cutting their dresses somewhat low in the neck. If the adjective "dutchy" has been used once against this fashion, it has been used millions of times. Yet this very mode is to be adopted here in the summer coming. Already the pictures of this style are abroad, and we are having it dinned into us that all the new waists will be cut that way. With a thousand little details full of information for the feminine ear, but a mere tangle of verbiage for the dull male. The fact remains that the various fresh-air habits are creeping upon us year after year. At many resorts, by the sea or the mountains, it has long been the fashion for the younger folk to go bare-headed, and the school in Groton, Mass., is by no means the only one where hatlessness is almost a rule rather than an exception. The low-cut neck for open-air wear may not be slightly, and it may smack of the "dutchy," but it is as inevitably a result of common-sense as is the shirt-waist for men. Year after year we show signs of finally appreciating and accepting the fact that we live in the tropics and must dress accordingly, at least for our tropical months. In India, and in the South Seas, men go about in pajamas and consider themselves properly and comfortably attired, and they are right. We may be a good deal removed from the pajama stage, but we are getting there. In the meanwhile let us hope that only such young women as have been favored with a neck will adopt the new mode. "Favored with a neck" is not to be taken too literally; but the point is that from the beauty viewpoint some otherwise charming women simply have no necks at all. The German mode that we are about to take for our own use was intended for the buxom type of loveliness.

Charleston and Missouri

THE members of the Missouri Commission at the Charleston Exposition are justly incensed at the strictures "Gath" has been making upon the South Carolina town and its Fair. A blow at the Charleston affair is a blow at our coming Fair here in St. Louis, for the Missouri representatives, at Charleston, are, at the same time, ambassadors for our own enterprise. Mr. George Alfred Townsend has been declaring that Charleston was a dead or dying town, and that the Exposition was a slumbrous failure. Be that as it may, "Gath" is hardly the person to say it. Readers of modern newspapers are but slightly mindful of this correspondent's existence; he belongs to a period where Joe Howard and others of his age were active. "Gath" would probably view New Orleans and call it sleepy, and he would view the Pyramids with a question as to whether there was any money in them. Charleston has, with her limitations, done very creditably, and Missouri means to do

all in her power to make Missouri Day a success. The exhibit this State has made at Charleston has already done positive good, and it is safe to say that the number of guests we send for the day set apart for us will find more than its equivalent when South Carolina Day comes in our World's Fair.

The Mrs. Vanderbilt

THE widow of the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt is anxious lest there be doubt in the public mind about her being "the" Mrs. Vanderbilt of all the Vanderbilts. It is hard to conceive the younger woman, (who was Grace Wilson, blessed with the most successful matchmaker in New York for a mother) as particularly anxious to usurp a title worn in Chicago by "the" Bathhouse, and in the New York Tenderloin by "the" Allen, but stranger things happen in society than on the Bowery. Incidentally, this wrangling about family precedence is one of the sure signs of spring. One year it is a case of "the" Mrs. Astor, now of "the" Mrs. Vanderbilt. The careless public is in some danger of thinking that the men of the houses of Astor and Vanderbilt are so Turkishly married, that to be known as "the" lady of that name is a necessary distinction.

A New Home for Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN has bought a home in Tarrytown, on the Hudson. It lies, as do all those mansions in that district, high on the slope overlooking the river and its valley. The house is of stone; well supplied with verandahs, and there are nineteen acres of ground. Here, then, the great American humorist will begin the final, and one hopes, the pleasantest chapter in his career. After many years and many trials, he comes once more into possession of a place of his own, a house to call his home. The story of this great laugh-producer's ups and downs has been told scores of times. We all know his entire fortune went to wiping out the debts of a publishing enterprise. Has it ever been sufficiently pointed out that to fail as a publisher, and then to devote the declining years of life to the exact, rigorous wiping out of each and every debt incurred by such failure, was to give the world the Supreme Jest of the age? When other publishers fail, do we hear of restitutions, of life begun over again, where life should be at least half over? Can we conceive the F. Tennyson Neelys of this day and age scourging themselves that impoverished authors may not suffer? Not this side of a particularly violent pipe-dream, we don't! No, the publisher, mostly, when he fails, cometh up as a flower, and scatters once more the seeds of his bad books upon the public, the baleful light of his promises upon the writers. Mark Twain knew the law of the average in these matters; surprise has ever been the chief factor in his humor; he determined to surprise us. He did surprise us. Because a man paid his debts to the last penny, draining the energies of his declining years to do so, beginning life all over again, we were mightily surprised. Our surprise was a measure of our National honesty. When the spectacle of a single honest man brings such surprise it is evident that we are but poorly accustomed to the utter honesty that includes self-denial. Certainly this joke of Mark Twain's is his finest. It can never stale in the telling. He fooled the great American public by being honest. At an age when others were ready to seek peace after an eventful life he stripped himself of his all and began at the treadmill all over again. His house in Hartford will always be known as the "Mark Twain" house, but it went the way of his other possessions; it went to help on the huge joke he was playing upon a people who are too jocund to be strictly honest. There is one secret in Mark Twain's greatness: he is so far removed, in the heart of him, from mere flippancy, that he shines above a host of lesser men. We all know what Barnum's notion of fooling the public was. He laughed at it, not with it, and lined his pockets. The great humorist is compact of human nature at its best, and honesty is a larger fraction of that best. As a young man Mark Twain is said to have been a most accomplished

indolent; but it would be hard to find a life-time into which has been crowded more hard work, finer achievement, brighter light shed upon his fellow-creatures. He has made us laugh, and has laughed with us; he has made us love him for his humor and his honesty, and there can be but few of us who will not wish him peace in the new home he has now for himself, peace and a smiling end. The Hudson valley reeks with millionaires; Irvington has the inextinguishable promoter of magazines and motor-cars, John Brisben Walker; not far away are the haunts of Washington Irving. The material here elbows the vanished glory. The ghost of Rip Van Winkle nods to the brassbound steam yacht waiting to take its owner to Thirty-fourth street. The hills whisper to the hills, and the Hudson whispers back: "It is hot, oh but it is hot!" For a hotter place than the Hudson valley in summer never was discovered. Can this be the final, supreme jest Mark Twain plays upon himself, that he wishes to serve himself up to the here-after hot, all hot? But no, this is trifling. Sunshine is the sweetest thing that old age can gain; let us hope nothing but pleasant sunshine falls upon Mark Twain in his new home at Tarrytown.

Jasper's Bad Joke

YOUNG Jasper Oglesby, son of the late "Uncle Dick" Oglesby, says it is all a joke about himself and the Miss Rogers whom he was reported to have become engaged to aboard an Atlantic liner. A very bad joke, and one calculated to incense the public. They were to be married at once, never having seen each other until the meeting aboard ship; then the young man's brother was reported trying to arrest the intending groom, being doubtful about Miss Rogers' social position; and now we hear from the Oglesby home in Lincoln, Ill., that it is all a joke. These notoriety-seekers who impose on newspapers, or these unscrupulous liars calling themselves reporters, should get a quietus somehow.

Little.

CHARM AND THE AUTOMATON.

BY V. VON ARNDT.

VERY charming comedy of manners is "Beaucaire," very charming and fragrant, but fragile. Charm is, in its essence, evanescent. All the virtues and the lack that the phrase "mere charm" implies are in "Beaucaire." Yet, at the conclusion of all cavil at the tenuousness of this play made from Booth Tarkington's story, one must recall, chiefly, that one has spent a charming evening, among charming people, all with somewhat too perfect manners, perhaps, but all ever so charming. If for the least moment one has been bored it has, at the most, been a boredom of the most charming kind.

The play has nothing strenuous anywhere. If the hero of it does prove the hero of fencing bouts against the most appalling odds, yet in the very heat of his encounter we can never forget that it is all comedy; charming comedy, but always comedy. Into a passion we are never by any chance betrayed. The gentler sex among playgoers will find here many moments where witty lines and tender touches bring the tear and the smile that follows after; but the positive thrill will rarely come. The atmosphere of fashionable life, at Bath, in which this story moves, has, at this distance, and even through the medium of this play, only the faintest approach to living ozone. We are completely aware at every moment that this comedy is as rococo as the minuet that is danced in such stately measure early in the play. Here are very fine gentlemen and ladies; they wear fine clothes and have a pretty wit; the adventures among them of *Monsieur Beaucaire* are diverting and gay; yet it is all fantastic, and we know too thoroughly that we are in the theater. It is not the province of the theater to give us life at too great a remove; we do not want, however so charmingly, to be reminded from beginning to end of a play, that it is a play, that it is all simulated emotion, simulated manners, simulated wit. In this respect, "Beaucaire," as a play, falls short of the effect made by the book; in the

latter, we scented the comedy, as comedy, yet we forgot the make-believe, here and there, and gave way to the genuine emotions inspired by the situation. In the play, too, the finest situation of the book has suffered entire reversal; for theater purposes it was inevitable that the happy ending should come. So *Beaucaire* weds *Lady Mary Carlisle*, and all is as the fairybooks promise. A very charming play, for which we may thank, as to its finest charm, chiefly, Mr. Tarkington, his collaborator, and nextly Miss Lettice Fairfax.

As the beauty of Bath, *Lady Mary Carlisle*, she is as delightful a figure as the eye might wish to behold. She compels the admiration of men, the sympathy of women. The caste-prejudices of her part sit ill upon her; that is one of the tributes to a more gracious personality. The play is worth seeing if only for the sake of seeing Miss Fairfax.

The company seen in "Beaucaire" is of the calibre usual in support of its chief player. Notable exceptions are Miss Fairfax, and the former mainstay of many a roaring modern farce-comedy, M. A. Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy was wont to appear in a type of play where his mere appearance on the scene, his mere high-pitched laughter was the signal for the audience bursting into shouts of laughter. By what strange fate comes he into this rococo gallery of "Beaucaire." In wig and knee breeches, his legs a little wavy in outline, one hardly recognizes him as the rollicking farceur of old, yet to the scant chances his lines afford, he gives all the vigor of the true comic spirit.

"Beaucaire" would be more charming than it is if one could erase from the memory of it the spectacle of its chief player. Mr. Mansfield's art has reached the point where it is automatic. As an automatic actor he has a future before him, in all other respects, as a live simulator of live emotions, he seems determined to obliterate his opportunities. His motions of leg, of arm, of hand, of eye, are all exactly as if some unseen agent pulled a string behind the scenes. His extension of his arm to full length is exactly like a movement with the dumb-bells. The precision of his physical movements enters into his carefully broken speech. He speaks the lines of this *Beaucaire* so that they are a cross between the methods of Ollendorff and Weber & Field. He plays the part so that one finds not a trace of novelty; it is compact of equal parts of *Brummell*, of *Prince Karl* and of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. He chatters French volubly at odd moments; he gives all his speech the picturesqueness that belongs to the polyglot. But there is no trace of advance in art. He seems never to go beyond certain limitations; he moves in ruts already worn too smooth. The public is quite sufficiently aware of Mr. Mansfield's smattering of French and German, and does not need to be constantly reminded of his ability to be indistinct in three languages. We are quite sufficiently acquainted with the shape of Mr. Mansfield's back and of his legs, and he does not want to turn them upon us quite so often; moreover, there be those who declare this player grown perilously fat. Let us waive the physical; it is the immobility of the intelligence that concerns us. Here all is automatic. There is not a gesture, not an intonation, not a whisper of an emotion, that is not as familiar to us as the signs in the street car. Mr. Mansfield is in danger of becoming a marionette. An actor who does not advance in his art is in a pitiable plight. However much we may applaud this very charming comedy, that is as pure and peaceful an entertainment as one could commend to the community at large, it is only justice to the chief player in it, to point out to him that, in order still to consider him seriously as an actor, *Beaucaire* must be considered as a vacation for his artistic abilities.

Automatic art serves well enough for Mr. Mansfield's exploitation of his varied talents, but it is bound to tire the spectator. As *Beaucaire* Mr. Mansfield essays the polished gentleman, the finished fencer, the exquisite dancer, the adroit wit, the great prince. He has not, in the memory of man, done much else in the playhouses; he has always chosen parts that allow him all the talents and, if possible, much majesty. He is always a Prince Fortunatus of one

sort or another. And always automatic. Not a spark, not a glow of genuine, human life. A mere figure that poses in the mask of a man; a mere set of manners and phrases. The very voice, noble as it essentially is, is used so that we feel the indolent irony behind the timbre of apparent tenderness. In "Beaucaire," specifically, there is never for an instant any illusion about this prince being really a barber; Mr. Mansfield's assumption of princely demeanor, even under masquerade, may please Mr. Mansfield's private love for the lordly, but it goes straight against the grain of logic in this play. It would be interesting some day to see Mr. Mansfield in a part where he could assume nothing of fame, position, wit or manners. As a king, a prince, a beau, a wit, he tires, he tires. This [is mere automatism. He simply reproduces himself, year after year, as he would like people to think he is. Mr. Mansfield, as himself, had surely performed long enough. It is time he turned actor again, if the automaton has not killed off the actor. One hopes there is no truth in the report that a play from "The Right of Way" will be this player's next essay. It would be merely Mr. Mansfield once more, in a monacle and an Ollendorff ragout of French-English.

BALLAD OF PENITENCE.

BY FRANK MORTON.

WE'VE had our fling, and the dance is done,
And the gold of our pleasures fades fast to grey;
We've scoffed at Prudence and lived for Fun,
And now there's the devil an' all to pay!
We've footed a measure right blithe and gay,
And laughed at care with a rollicking crew . . .
The crew's a bit shaky and sick to-day;
But we still may laugh for a year or two!

We've spoiled the Egyptian and drenched his dun;
We've slept with the swine in the good old way;
We've played high stakes—and we have not won,
And now there's the devil an' all to pay!
We're reaping the whirlwind, the good folks say
(The thing sounds big, but it's mostly true:)
It's a dullish game and we've come to stay;
But we still may laugh for a year or two!

Our friends drop away from us, one by one:
Our loves have been legion; but where are they?
Those vows?—you might measure them by the ton . . .
And now there's the devil an' all to pay!
Poor asses; we dreamed 'twould be always May,
With scent of blossom and skies of blue;
As it is . . . we must shortly lie low and pray;
But—we still may laugh for a year or two!

Lad! hope has crumbled in low decay,
And now there's the devil an' all to pay!
But there's warm blood left in me and you
And we still may laugh for a year or two!

From the Sydney Bulletin.

CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

BY JELBY.

AFFAIRS in this Society seem to have reached their annual crisis and the managers are confronting their perennial deficit. The question is, shall the Society be abandoned, or shall those who have so faithfully upheld it continue their dreary work of solicitation, irritation, and self-abnegation only to endure another year of perturbation and want of appreciation.

There seems to be two views on the subject. Some hold, and these are chiefly persons who have never contributed anything but talk, that it should be kept up at any cost (to somebody else); that St. Louis should be ashamed of not being able to support a permanent orchestra. This latter statement is true, but the trouble is most of the people who say so are the very people who furnish nothing but

The Mirror

advice and hence make it impossible to sustain the organization. Most of the managers are willing to go on with their drudgery if Mr. Spencer is willing to remain as President (and pay another annual deficit out of his own pocket), or if they can get another Maecenas (a rich patron of the arts) to take his place. The fact is, there never has been a more hard-working, devoted, self-sacrificing body of people than those same managers, and too much cannot be said in their praise; but, is it not time to come to the rescue of these Flagellants and relieve them of their sorrows and their stripes?

If there is any one proposition that has been thoroughly demonstrated in St. Louis, it is that a permanent orchestra, even with the Choral attachment, cannot be made self-supporting; that is to say, such an organization cannot exist alone upon the price of admission. The present price of admission cannot be raised, because that would diminish the gross receipts. It cannot be lowered, because it is already ridiculously low for the value received, and lowering the price would not increase the total income.

The situation, briefly stated, is this: The managers, and a few kindly persons who have an idea that they are doing some good, are annually paying for a number of excellent performances, choral and orchestral, for the benefit of a little larger number of persons quite able to pay full value for what they receive, but entirely unwilling to do so. From this it results that the very few are furnishing, at heavy expense to themselves, a good musical programme to a very small number of persons who are not, and would be insulted if told that they were objects of charity. If this select few would pay what they do and then throw the doors wide open at every concert, free to all the people, then it would be a worthy and beautiful charity. As it is now it is not a charity. The house is always full of empty seats, the boxes filled with persons to whom the wealthy patrons have given away their tickets, the artists are disgusted with the want of appreciation; and so the thing drags its weary length along, affording but little satisfaction and missing an opportunity for doing a great good.

There be those who think that a solution of the whole matter is to disband the Society. As a general proposition a thing which cannot support itself (outside of institutions for the helpless and destitute) has no reason for being. This is strictly true of this Society. Such institutions ought to be the outcome of a sufficiently general desire for good music and a sufficiently general willingness to pay for it, which conditions would insure their stability, or have no business to exist at all. It is possible that there is enough musical appreciation dormant in St. Louis to be so shocked by the fact that of all the great cities, St. Louis alone has been obliged to abandon its permanent orchestra, that the sleepy heads and the "Scrooges" will wake up and open their pockets and put the thing on a proper basis. But it seems perfectly evident that the St. Louis public does not want it if it has to pay for it.

Last fall a prominent woman in St. Louis announced that the St. Louis public was not appreciative of the best music. Her remarks were widely circulated and for a time the attendance at the Choral-Symphony and Thomas Concerts was much better. The newspapers, those curious institutions possessed of a genius for ignoring facts and exploiting strange theories, immediately pointed to this condition of things and denied her conclusion. As time went on, the audiences dwindled, and even Theodore Thomas could hardly muster half a house. In fact, old conditions returned, St. Louis settled down to its lethal dullness, musically, and then these journalistic wiseacres said, not that St. Louis was musically unappreciative, but that the music was poor. Alas and alack a day! When the people do go to hear Thomas, it is because they are appreciative! When they don't go, it is because Thomas' music is poor, or too classic, or (but this is what they don't say) because they won't pay for it, and they haven't been stung by judicious criticism for the last three months.

The truth is, the courageous lady who justly took the people of this town to task in musical matters was exactly

right. The number of persons willing to pay for good music is too small to obtain the article. Free music in beer gardens, twenty-five cent operas, etc., (things that are all right in their way) these good people patronize; but when it comes to paying for the better music, they simply do not want it, at the price. Now, why should the Spencers, the Markhams, the McKittricks, the Blairs and all the other good people who have for so long stood in the breach and carried this thing along in face of these adverse conditions, continue to immolate themselves? It is not wise either in the interest of the organization or of the public. The longer it is done the more those few who enjoy the music at half price will be convinced that they are enjoying a right and not a privilege. Every form of appeal which can be made to the public on the basis of good citizenship, love of music, civic pride, etc., has failed. Now, let the machine, which is very much like the wonderful "One-Hoss Shay," go to pieces and then we shall see whether the requisite amount of musical appreciation is here. If it is dormant, it will awake; if it is not here let us close the books and apply the talent and energy, which have been so long misapplied in supporting this organization, to some other purpose.

The writer of this has always been a good friend and contributor to this Society, and it is in the interest of the organization that these suggestions are made.

It is the old case of the country doctor who had a very ill patient whose malady he did not recognize; but he was quite equal to the occasion, for he said he would give the invalid some medicine to throw him into fits and then he knew how to cure the fits. We know there is something the matter with the musical public, but not just what it is. Let's throw them into fits by disbanding the Society and then cure the fits.

CIVIC HOME RULE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IT is an old theory with practical politicians that the vast majority of city voters will not interest themselves in direct questions of legislation or in problems of public policy; that referendum propositions printed upon regulation election ballots will be ignored by so many that the value of the vote as a test of popular opinion is sure to be misleading or insignificant.

St. Louis, until within the past five years, has been a particularly striking example of that hide-bound partisanship, communal indifference and squint-eyed bigotry in public affairs which always results in municipal brigandage, dirty politics and archaic utilities. So far as I can remember there was never a question, save that of taxation, in which the St. Louis public could forget its clan politics and "get together" regardless of parties or party bosses. To be sure the election of Rolla Wells was a famous awakening, full of glorious promise, but it did not settle the question as to whether St. Louis was ready for the initiative and referendum. It did show that the people had at last been suffocated out of their holes by Ziegenheimism and were determined to send good men into the City Hall to check, if they could not eliminate, that acute condition of official gangrene which has so long afflicted the body politic.

The stinking upheaval of bribery, perjury and embezzlement, lately effected by the Grand Jury, regarded as a mere local question, simply discloses the fact that many of the aristocratic members of your rich, old families and most of the so-called "wheel-horses" of your political parties have for years been mutually engaged in picking the pockets of their neighbors and constituents, debauching the ballot and smearing St. Louis with that filth which was none the less present for being well veiled. All this is very interesting, indeed it is edifying to outsiders, but it is far from being a new experience in American municipalities. If it is to have any permanent value it will appear, not with the sending of a few legislative and financial pirates to the penitentiary, not with the turning out of a

few political ignorami, but with the final abolition of those conditions which make common avarice the dominant motive of fully half the candidates for your houses of legislation. I notice that the last Grand Jury recommends that the election of delegates be made a question for the city at large instead of a matter of ward politics, but honestly as this plan may have been conceived, it seems strangely puerile in face of the fact that it is not the evil personalities of the successful candidates, nor the stupidity, nor corruption of ward electors, but the opportunities for boodling in the House, that make for the prostitution of public property and the concomitant pandering of "silk-stocking" franchise grabbers.

In every rotten Board of Aldermen there are always a few honest blockheads who are argued into voting for bad measures. They don't get a cent for thus aiding the thieves and they never realize their blunders till a scandal like the present one shows them as unconscious compounders of felony. They don't know what their constituents want. The thieves don't care. The fine platitudes handed out at municipal campaigns are all buncombe when the successful delegate or councilman is finally confronted with the question of voting "aye" or "no" on a franchise ordinance. Under existing conditions there is no way for him to find out what the whole people want. If he is a thief, as is quite probable, he votes as he is paid. If he is an honest fool, he is almost as likely to vote with the rascals as against them. If the American public wasn't so magnificently "stuck on itself" it would see that, from the Constitution down to the ordinances of jay towns of the fourth class, there is much in our so-called republican form of government that is strictly and consistently "to the bad."

For instance, what has sent the whole country to holding its nose and burning rags of reform over your St. Louis bribery scandals? Just the single, incontrovertible fact that the most important business in the hands of your legislators is the distribution of privileges, properties, franchises, that belong to you.

Remove that "business" from the order of your civic legislature and what happens? "Nothing doing" then! If the city owned and operated the great public utilities of lighting and transportation, would the Meysenburgs be running for office? If questions of public policy were referred directly to the voters, would there be any excuse for the "good" fatheads in the council pleading ignorance of the people's will?

The questions as to whether the people of American municipalities will give adequate heed to propositions in referendum, as to whether they are patriotic enough to give initiative impetus to their rights, as to whether they, and not the impersonal beach-combers, should own their streets, their alleys and their lawmakers, are, I think, appropriately, if not finally, answered in the Chicago election of last week. In that election three referendum propositions, printed upon a ballot separate from the aldermanic ballot, were offered to the voters. It was confidently predicted by the professional politicians here that the people would ignore "the little ballot;" that the ward constituencies would be content with choosing an aldermanic representative and wash their hands of any nearer responsibility; that in ignorance, or indifference, the electors would dodge the issues proposed and leave the whole business to the legislators who are supposed to be elected for that purpose.

But the people didn't dodge the issues! An overwhelming majority in favor of municipal ownership of railways and lighting plants, for direct primaries and town consolidation, astounded the "professionals" and proved that the public in at least one of the great cities is ready and willing to have a "say so" in its own public affairs. The returns show that not only four-fifths of the actual referendum ballots voted were marked in the affirmative, but that the municipal ownership and direct primaries majorities were nearly two-thirds of the entire vote cast for all candidates throughout the city. It is certain that the "awful example" of St. Louis' legislative and corporation corruption had some weight with the voters of Chicago in

PIERPONT'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

thus boldly and unmistakably declaring themselves in favor of municipal ownership. I do not believe that a similar set of propositions placed before the St. Louis public would have evoked so general an answer, because it is my experience that the rank and file of electors in your city are not as intensely interested nor as assertively independent as they are in Chicago.

But I submit as a pointed query, in spite of the intervening difficulties, in spite of the inchoate state of the merit system in municipal politics: is not municipal ownership the swiftest and surest remedy for that legislative leprosy that has disgraced St. Louis for the past fourteen years? Is not the direct primary the only way to head off office jobbing and the ante-election purchase of delegates by such smug procurators and panderers as Charles L. Turner? Is not the method of referendum the one inescapable brick-house that must fall on some law-makers before they will tumble?

More than 200,000 voters of Chicago have said "yes" to these questions, though the extent of governmental corruption in this city for the past decade has been as nothing compared with the cesspools of iniquity uncovered in St. Louis since "Red" Galvin started that little ball of ordure rolling into a growing avalanche upon the heads of all your unclean Iscariots. And yet, except in the matter of civil service, Chicago is far less empowered to begin a struggle for home-rule than is St. Louis. The successful culmination of last week's demand for municipal ownership contemplates a campaign in the State which may or may not result in an enabling act to the legislature at Springfield. It involves the expenditure of big sums of money, a crusade in the public prints of every city and county of Illinois, for Chicago, unlike St. Louis, is quite at the mercy of the country law-maker.

But in spite of these difficulties and necessary delays, the mere declaration that the people of this city are in favor of municipal ownership has sharply and unalterably defined the complexion of the pending franchise problem. The street-railway franchises of Chicago are at the verge of expiration. The City Hall is humming with lobbyists of the Turner type. The prolonged extension of privileges worth hundreds of millions of dollars is what the sharks are after. Short franchises with ultimate right of purchase by the city is the declared policy of Mayor Harrison and of the decent element in both parties which supports him and will support him as long as he continues the good work he has done for the merit system, for civic improvement and for the suppression of licensed extortion. When this vital question of franchises comes up in the Council there will be no chance for either thief or ass to say "I voted away this franchise because I thought it right," or "because I didn't know what else to do."

The people have spoken upon 200,000 referendum ballots. The wishes of every ward constituency in Chicago are registered and proclaimed. The aldermen will not be tempted with blocks of stock or Christmas gifts to plunder their fellow citizens, and, furthermore, the public man who fails, in future, to stand for the people's privilege to own their own public utilities, will be politically damned and knows it. Municipal ownership and an effective system of civil service in all great cities may be as remote as a celestial citizenship, but the people want it, they have said so, and they will get it. That's all the legislator needs to know.

BROTHERS.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

THE lean, grey wolf is at my door—
His shanks are torn; his feet are sore.
And not in vain his eyes implore—
Nay, he hath been this way before!
Welcome, Brother! Enter in.
My comfort's cold; my fire is thin.
Lie at my hearth—for we are kin,
Brothers to Poverty and Sin.

From The Blue Sky.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN may not wear his heart upon his sleeve, but in his recent testimony before Special Examiner Mahey, in the Northern Pacific-Northern Securities case, he was frank and open-hearted to an astonishing degree. Perhaps he intended his remarks to have some spectacular effect in Wall street. At any rate, he was not bashful about admitting that the firm J. P. Morgan & Co. was willing "to take up anything in a financial line that was creditable and which might suggest itself as profitable." Let us put it down to the credit of the famous financier that he put "creditable" ahead of "profitable." Many others would have thought of the profitable end of the business first, and nobody would have cared to censure them for doing so. It is refreshing to read about a financial magnate who is suffering from ethical considerations, and a desire to pose well, morally, before the world. Morgan will not touch anything that smacks of the discreditable. If he does go into any deal of any kind, credit and profit must go together. It is to be presumed that the more creditable the transaction, the more profit there is for Morgan's firm. Simmering things down properly, we arrive at this conclusion: J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. believe that the more money there is to be made out of a deal the more creditable it is. This is a characteristic aphorism of the present day and one that should be engraved in golden letters upon the tombstone of some of our financial magnates as representing the *leit-motif* of their business transactions.

Mr. Morgan also stated in his testimony that a \$10,000,000 purchase of stock did not seem a very big transaction to him. The examiner exhibited himself as a "greeney" when referring to this purchase as a large transaction. What is \$10,000,000 nowadays? A bagatelle; a drop in a bucket. Some years ago, a purchase of \$10,000,000 stock would have been considered sensational, but that was in the good, old times, when syndicates were scarce, commissions slim and promoters timid. We have outlived those days; we do business on a vastly different scale now. If we do not have the millions, we go to work and manufacture them. Anybody may be a counterfeiter nowadays; all you have to do is to organize a big trust and capitalize it at a sum ten times the real value of properties involved. Morgan was, therefore, right in sneering at the silly question of the examiner, and in giving him a proper idea of the magnitude of present-day transactions.

The great magnate made, in addition, some interesting explanations regarding the Northern Securities Company. He intimated that the Northwestern railway combination was organized for the purpose of having Northern Pacific stock lodged in safe hands, to insure "moral control." He did not state, however, what he meant by "moral control." This is a rather new sort of control. We have heard of trusts, combines, community of interest, etc., but it remained for Morgan to spring something new on us in this line. "Moral control" may mean all sorts of control. It may mean actual control, indirect control, legal control or sympathetic control. To the mind of an unprejudiced, clear-minded thinker, the Northern Securities Company's status is very simple. The combination owns and controls the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy roads to all practical intents and purposes.

Mr. Morgan further stated his belief that nobody will ever be able to buy control of the Northern Securities Company, the capital of which is \$400,000,000. He seems to rely upon the size of the company's capital to frustrate all efforts at control-buying. Here we have another new theory in modern finance. If the management of a corporation wishes to retain control, and to be secure in its position, all it has to do is to make the capitalization as large as possible, the larger the better, no matter what howls may be raised by the State or National authorities. What difference does it make to anybody, anyway, whether

the capital of a corporation is \$100,000,000 or \$1,000,000,000? It is the stockholders that are interested, that is, the majority or controlling interest. The minority stockholders, as well as the public, be damned. It is none of their concern. This is certainly a unique theory which Morgan hinted at. It is opening an immense vista of sensational, portentous possibilities. We may now prepare ourselves for interesting developments. The Northern Securities and United States Steel Companies have shown the way. We may have a revival of the Commodore Vanderbilt-Drew, Fiske-Gould days. Do you remember what Jim Fiske did with the Erie? How he issued new stock every day, in order to prevent Old Vanderbilt from acquiring control of the Erie? After all, Morgan's theory is the same old thing, only under a different form.

Now that Morgan has concluded his testimony, one may ask what is left of Mr. J. J. Hill's ode to altruism, dedicated to the people of the Northwest last year. Mr. Hill declared, with unctuous emphasis, that the Northern Securities Company was organized for the benefit of the public and the development of the country. Now it leaks out that Hill and Morgan were engaged in a stock-jobbing operation, that the whole matter was nothing but a wild contest between great gamblers, in which everybody concerned looked out for himself and nobody else.

OUR ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

JEFFERSONIAN simplicity is not the note of the present moment in America. If it be not dangerous to phrase it so, we are in a period when the better element among our statesmen, the gentlemen, in short, as opposed to the professional political tricksters, are in power. About the word gentleman let there be no noisy disputes; the Mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., may easily be as true a gentleman as Mr. Seth Low, of New York. The fact remains that for the first time in many years the "silk-stockings," as they have been termed in other days, are having an innings. Mr. Roosevelt is in the White House; New York is dominated by Messrs. Low and Jerome. These are, it is true, insignificant items in the general average; yet heretofore that general average has lacked such items entirely. We may safely think, then, that the era is not yet altogether gone by when a gentleman, upright, high-minded, with an eye single to the public welfare, putting self behind, may successfully appeal to the sympathy, the appreciation and the votes of the American people. At such a time the name of Alexander Hamilton comes fitly to the front.

Hamilton has been singularly neglected by our writers of history and biography. Washington has been made the subject of scores of volumes; even Jefferson and Burr, at the opposite pole from Hamilton, fared better than he. But Mrs. Gertrude Atherton means to change all that. In her romantic story of Hamilton's life, as she terms it, under the title "The Conqueror," she puts Hamilton on a pinnacle that not the most rabid of his adorers can well call too low. If we are to believe the author of "The Conqueror" it is to Alexander Hamilton that we owe the present majesty of these United States; the project for their consolidation, the making, in short, of this Nation, all came from the brain of Hamilton. The very Constitution, if not all actually written by him, at least owes to him its existence; he fought the fight that placed it upon this country. It was he who first saw our country entering that era of Empire that we now consider so familiarly. The admirers of Jefferson and of Burr will have many bitter moments in perusal of "The Conqueror." Mrs. Atherton spares not; flays she cuttily, and one comes away from this romantic biography of Hamilton with a bad taste in the mind, a taste made up of equal parts of Burr and Jefferson. For the hero of the story one can have little save admiration. It is a figure almost unhumanly great that she draws of Alexander Hamilton. History shows no such brain, no such creative force, no such success at the bar, in diplomacy, finance and

The Mirror

at oratory as is pictured in "The Conqueror." Yet nowhere, I think, can one pin Mrs. Atherton down to an exaggeration, a vital departure from the historic verities. In her picture of a hero she does not indulge in heroics. The novelist obscures the historian, yet the book has none of the vices of the recent deluge of "historical novels." Mrs. Atherton, to write "The Conqueror," used all the personal investigations that the conscientious historian must needs employ. She visited the Danish West Indies, where Hamilton's youth was spent, in person; spent months there, looking up records, searching out family documents, private letters and the like. She had meant to write a biography of Hamilton; the novelistic instinct overpowered her, however, and she determined to write two books. The first was to be a romantic history, glowing with the imagination of the enthusiast and the born romancer, yet essentially correct to the life. The second was to be the actual, unromantically treated biography. The first of these books is "The Conqueror." The biography is to appear later. One sees in reading "The Conqueror" exactly what Mrs. Atherton means when she declares she gave way to her romantic instincts. The first part of the book is the best. The pictures of the life and love of Hamilton's mother, Rachael Levine, on Nevis, one of the West Indian Islands, really deserves to rank with any romance of recent months. The blood of the Huguenots and the aristocracy of Scotland combined in Alexander Hamilton. It was from his mother that his wonderful genius appears to have come. Those were the days before divorce. Rachael Fawcett, married too early in life to Levine, a cruel, repellant Dane, found herself apparently condemned to the future, a beautiful, passionate woman, wed yet not wed. She left Levine: he deserved leaving. She met Hamilton, and eventually became, in all save the sanction of a ceremonial, his wife. Mrs. Atherton, fine historian though she promises to be where her enthusiasms are passionately aroused, still remains at her best in romantic incidents. Her pages upon the passion and tragedy of Rachael Levine's life are the best in this her story of Hamilton's life. An irony is concealed in that fact, yet it need not detract from the great appreciation we must in justice mete out to this book as a whole. Hamilton's youthful days in the West Indies, especially his experiences in a hurricane, are vivid reading. This hurricane blew him to New York, in a figurative sense. Then began his years on Washington's staff and in his company. Here Mrs. Atherton is picturesque and entertaining. We see the dinners at Washington's table; Washington solemn, silent, a trifle oppressive in his austerity; Hamilton bubbling with wit and brilliance. We witness those harassing days of campaigning and petty jealousies. Hamilton's courtship and happy marriage make this period in the book one of the pleasantest. Then follows the tremendous months in which Hamilton fought against the Governor of New York, Clinton, and many other opponents, to array the States together under one Constitution. He succeeded as up to this time he had succeeded in everything. After Washington is made President and Hamilton has charge of the finance of the Nation, the book begins to lose its romantic charm, and becomes more the plain history of better days, of political strifes and hatreds. Madison, Jefferson, Monroe and Burr figure blackly in these pages. Our pleasure in the picture of New York at the stage when enemies called it Hamiltonopolis is marred by the subsequent procession of rancorous attacks upon Hamilton, ending in the fatal duel with Burr. One closes the book with the feeling that the writer allowed the closing tragedies of her hero's life to darken her final pages somewhat deeply; the political intrigues drag a little and one begins to wish the last page would come.

The book remains, however, a tremendous tribute to the genius of Hamilton. As a novel, sustained by its romantic moments, it fails. As a biography it is uneven; brilliant in the beginning, in the chapters on Hamilton's mother and his own youth; almost dull in recital of the days when Hamilton, though merely the leader of the New York bar, to all intents guided by advice and creative

force the ship of State. It might be called a failure both as a novel and as a biography. Yet the failure is only in comparison to its best chapters. To call it a failure as one calls the mass of "historical novels" failures, were to insult "The Conqueror;" for it has most of what those other books lack; it gives the picture of a remote period without stilted talk or foolish divagations from likelihood; it merely imposes upon the framework of truth the methods of fiction. Failure in point of technic, perhaps; not readable to the last page, yet irresistibly fascinating in its beginnings, "The Conqueror" is, in any just summing up, a great book, a valuable contribution to the literature of America.

THE BEGINNING OR THE END?

BY MARGARET PRICE.

THEY passed down the cafe steps together, the young woman's eyes sweeping ecstatically from the burnished brass rail at either side to the brilliantly lit scene below, the man's eyes seeing only her. This was just the atmosphere she loved. Everything suggested money, leisure, good times—all of which she had been short of recently.

Then, too, the savory odors touched her. She was savagely hungry. The man's presence also added to her enjoyment. Young, good-looking and, above all, able to pay for anything she chose to eat, he commanded her highest respect.

The place was filled with after-the-theater groups, but they contrived to get a remote table all to themselves.

"Don't dare call me Mrs. Morris to-night," she admonished as he seated himself opposite. "We are Janet and Dick—for this occasion only. When we've eaten all the good things and the lights are turned out we'll come back to earth."

The blood rushed to Dick Anderson's head. This type of woman was new to him. He thought it was men made remarks like that, but then he didn't know much about any woman except his—wife. By the time the roaring had left his ears she was talking of the play.

"Wasn't Irving splendid if he *did* mumble, and wasn't Terry charming in spite of the old look about her eyes?"

He assented absentmindedly. The face before him, with its look of power and refinement, was all his mind could hold just then. For two years he had known her and heard men rave over her without once suspecting that she was like this.

Directly she was telling him how she had spent the day, doing a little copying and a little skimping (she didn't confess to the starving) to get the money for a good seat to see the English players. She described her trip down town alone, and her scurry away from the theatre after the performance, up to the very moment he had come up to her in amazement and distress on the corner where she was waiting for a car.

"You think it awful for me to go about alone at night," she said, "but I have to if I want to see anything. Homer and I haven't enough for two. How did you happen to be out alone? I know *you've* enough for two." He explained a business meeting and she looked wise.

All the while she had been laughing and now she began to eat. Could any other woman eat so much, talk so much and laugh so much, all at once, and yet be so thoroughly bewitching?

Epicurean combinations were Greek to him, but under her laughing direction he tested the values of sauces and relishes, and felt the exhilaration of sipping a certain kind of wine with a pair of lustrous, brown eyes fixed on him to see how he liked the flavor. She made fun of his tastes, ordered something he protested he could not stand, forced him to eat it and called him a baby for making a wry face over it.

"The idea of a Dick *anybody* having such milk-and-water proclivities," she teased. "Why don't you try to live up to your name?"

The blood surged to his head again, but she seemed not to notice.

"The next time you take me to supper," she rattled on, "I am going to see if you remember what I've been teaching you to-night. I don't believe you'll remember these sauces except by the shape of the bottles."

"You have taught me one thing I shall hardly forget," he declared, leaning across the table. "I did not know until to-night how beautiful a woman's eyes could be."

"Pooh!" she expostulated. "The wine has gone to your head."

Her amused smile put Dick Anderson on his mettle. He straightened his shoulders and let her have the benefit of a full glance from his own fine eyes.

"Possibly," he said, "but the wine was of *your* choosing. You must take the consequences."

She raised her glass and drained it before making any comment.

She was his guest. He did not wish to presume upon the fact that he had met her alone on the street and that she had been more than willing to accompany him, but he was a man and young, and the situation was almost too much for him. She felt equal to him, however, and continued eating with only a moment's cessation of her laughter and talk.

"I am beyond the pale," she admitted, with a half-playful, half mocking air. "I do not deceive even myself about that. But I am not so far beyond the pale as you might think," and her eyes swept over him with a proud, sweet look.

Did anything remain for him but to take her in his arms? The table was between them, however, and he only tossed back the hair, from his brow with a shapely hand that was slightly trembling. Her eyes followed the motion with a gleaming look. What a satisfaction to be eating supper with a man who had a hand like that! How delightful it all was! She drank in once more the elegant appointments of the table, the glitter of the lights, the well-dressed people, and her nostrils dilated like those of a thoroughbred who sees before him the old familiar course and longs to try his paces. It was good to be there.

Through Dick Anderson's mind a strange medley was running—snatches of old songs, scenes from old plays, faces from old pictures, lines from old poems. One fragment of verse spun through his brain again and again:

"He who hath supped at the tables of kings,
Yet starved in the sight of luxurious things,
Who hath watched the wine flow, by himself but half-tasted,
Heard the music and yet missed the tune; who hath wasted
One part of life's grand possibilities—"

"Have I missed the tune?" he wondered. "Shall I always miss it?" Perhaps the faint music he was hearing would resolve itself into melody if he could only kiss that scarlet mouth.

Suddenly she declared they must go. "Everybody is leaving," she cried. "It would never do to miss the last car."

As they passed out, she bowed to a man whom Dick Anderson knew to be high in official circles, but whose favor it was not wise for a woman to receive.

"How do you happen to know him?" he inquired sharply.

"I suppose he is wondering how I happen to know you," was her light reply.

When they were out in the street she undertook to explain.

"A woman like myself must have all kinds of acquaintances. He is one of the few influential people who have taken any interest in me, and he has promised me a place. I'm not sure of getting the place, of course, but if I'm not nice to him I'm pretty sure of *not* getting it. Since my marriage to Homer, my family has thrown me off entirely, and the few friends I have are able only to pity me and forgive my indiscretions. The world at large thinks the wife of a worthless man ought to hide her ignominy in her third floor back. Now I think otherwise and

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leave my seclusion once in a while to snatch at the good things of life. They were once mine by birthright and I can't get over the feeling of kinship. But I am boring you to death. I know you are glad my car is coming."

"I am going with you," he said quietly.

"Please don't," she begged. "It isn't necessary. I have only a block to walk after leaving the car. It will be hours before you get home."

His answer was to take her firmly by the arm and push her forward. There was nothing to do but submit unless she wished to make a scene, and in another moment they were seated side by side, speeding towards her home.

"A while ago," he began "you gave me permission to call you Janet. I didn't avail myself of the privilege then, but I'm going to ask you to extend the time. The good things are all eaten, but I don't want to come back to earth just yet."

"Of course I'll extend the time," she replied gayly, although her eyes drooped for a moment.

He smiled his appreciation, asked her a question or two and in ten minutes she was talking to him as she had not talked to any one in the three checkered years of her married life. She touched briefly on many things, her terse sentences giving him flash-light pictures of incidents too painful to dwell upon, and at the end of the ride he had a very fair idea of what her life had been.

"I am going to help you," he vowed, as he took her hand at parting. "I don't know just how it can be done, but it must be done. A woman like you cannot knock about the world in this fashion. Why, even a man couldn't hold himself together long under such conditions."

He choked a little as he saw her wince and draw back.

"I can take care of myself," she asserted proudly.

Take care of herself! How the expression exasperated him! If he could only speak bluntly to her of the evil which she must certainly be conscious of—but his heart failed him. They were standing on the porch of the rooming-house which was her home, and in the faint light that came through the shaded glass door she was a very pathetic picture. Her helplessness appealed to his chivalry, her beauty and charm to his soul. It was not a warm night and her jacket, though stylish and becoming, was inadequate. She was shivering. The slight figure was drawn up bravely, however, and the dark brown head as haughtily poised as before.

In the cafe she had first allured, then defied him; now she touched him. He would treat her like a duchess—

like his mother—as he would like his sister to be treated! In the midst of his good resolutions, she laughed again, her eyes flaming up into his, and exclaimed: "You are taking things too seriously. Haven't we had a most delightful evening? Is there anything to grieve about?"

She seemed, in the sudden transition, the very incarnation of Pleasure mocking at Virtue, and with the blood roaring in his ears again, he stooped to kiss her.

She eluded him, still laughing.

"No, no, not that," she cried. "You must go now—really. It is awfully late."

"Very well," he agreed, "but I must see you to-morrow, Janet—you understand that."

She pondered a little.

"I think it would hardly do," she finally declared. "You are a good man, and I don't want the dead soul of any such laid at my door."

"You believe I will lose my soul if I see you again?"

"A man who loses his head is apt to lose his soul," and she turned to apply her latch-key. She tried the door to see if it would open, then looked at him with a mock-tragic air, and said: "There is no to-morrow for you and me, Dick Anderson. This is the end."

He gave a half-laugh in tribute to her petty foolery and reached for her hand.

"I mean every word of it," she persisted. "This is absolutely the end," and she whirled through the door, closing it gently in his face.

Twenty blocks stretched between him and home—between him and his wife and babies. He walked the distance instinctively, with no real knowledge of his whereabouts or destination. The occasional lights gleaming from hall-ways did not attract him, nor the myriad of lights shining from the heavens; the crunching of gravel beneath rubber-tired wheels, the barking of dogs, the resounding thump of a policeman's club—how could such sounds make any impression upon ears listening still to the voice of Janet Morris. She floated before him all the way, with her face toward him—that dainty, exquisite face—the face that he should some day kiss. He would teach her to love him. He could do it. Such things were possible. Life had been very tame; its grand possibilities were looming near; he who had listened to the music had begun to hear the tune. Why should he starve in the sight of luxurious things—why should the wine be only half tasted?

She had said it was the end—absolutely the end. But she didn't mean it. Even if she did, he would force her

to change her mind. The end! It was only the beginning. The beginning of what? He did not say Sin; he was too mad for that; he had forgotten Sin. The recollection might come to him to-morrow, but to-night his soul revelled in happiness, joy, bliss, ecstasy—everything that goes to make the conglomerate whole of passionate and unreasoning love. And thus blindly and crazily he reached his own door. He saw the light that had been kept for him and wondered how he should explain his long absence, but even as he let himself in, he said in a hot whisper:

"It is not the end, it is only the beginning."

When Janet Morris closed the door in Dick Anderson's face, she felt keenly the dramatic quality of the situation. She was very much alive to such things.

"I have seen many men fall in love," she thought, creeping stealthily to her third-story room, "but never one who went down with a whack like that."

Her husband lay across the bed, asleep and half dressed.

"I want to tell you something," she urged, coaxing him to a sitting posture. "I've seen the best play ever written and eaten the best supper ever cooked, with the best-looking man in town. How's that for one evening?"

"Good," he answered, smiling sleepily. "You're the smartest woman in the country," and he lay down again.

Her own smile was somewhat bitter, but the glance she gave him was full of pitying affection. She pulled up the shade to look out into the star-lit night and the handsome, passionate face of Dick Anderson came between her and the sky. She gasped a little, remembering how she had tormented him.

"He went down like a whole row of ten-pins," she soliloquized, smothering a laugh behind her handkerchief, "and I only intended to jolly him along in return for his good supper."

But how kind he had been in talking of her difficulties and suggesting ways and means!

"Ye gods?" she cried fervently, "if a woman had a man like that for a husband, her cleverness would not turn to poison. I'm not going to see him again. I meant that. I am not as good a woman as his wife, but I can carry out a purpose. It will be a satisfaction to myself to know there were some things I would not do. It is the end—absolutely the end."

The figure on the bed stirred and she pulled down the shade.

MR. FRANCIS AND FOREST PARK.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In showing up the scheme of Mr. Francis to make the Exposition merely a stepping-stone in the way of his personal ambition, at any sacrifice to the city and to the enterprise itself, the MIRROR simply published the thought of many, if not all, men conversant with the facts and not blinded by circumstance. Past history makes such an opinion of Mr. Francis easy to entertain.

In support of this opinion, I wish to call attention to the condition of things in Forest Park. It is well known to all that the Park was a grand sanitarium for the people, especially the multitudes of mothers and children who, during the long, torrid heats of summer, could not flee to a less cruel climate; to them it was the haven of rest, often the salvation of life itself.

The park was bought for and by the people and dedicated to their use and recreation. Its natural beauty, heightened by the work of our greatest landscape artist, made a perfect recreation ground capable of indefinite development corresponding to the growing needs of the city. St. Louis was envied in the possession of this great and unique treasure.

The history of the exploitation of Forest Park by Mr. Francis and the Board of Management will not bear close examination. The people of St. Louis have been deceived and sacrificed. When Mayor Ziegenhein vetoed the surrender of the park to the Exposition, he deserved well of the people, and the act will be remembered to his credit. Even the present Secretary of the Exposition warned us most strongly against allowing such a sacrifice, in a forcible article, timely published in the *Globe-Democrat*.

I say nothing of the enormous damage that obviously must result to the region about that has been so beautifully and expensively improved. Mr. Francis and the Board have already completely destroyed, for popular use, the finest part of the park. Over a large tract the grand trees, many of them centuries old, whose shade has been the comfort and delight of the city, have been hacked into firewood as ruthlessly as one might cut down last year's cornstalks. They have made a desert forever of the pleasant places, and call it improvement! The lovely knolls and ridges, so cool and breezy, shall be razed of their protecting shade and pared down for sites of structures of lath and cement with "factory-made" embellishments. The glories with which God, during the centuries, had made the park a place for worship, have been swept away forever. The ruin a cyclone wrought in Lafayette Park, here man has deliberately effected. No wonder Mr. Burnham, whose eminent skill in landscape art is drawn upon for the decoration of Washington, refused to take part in this vandalism.

But such wreckage is already accomplished or far advanced. The object of this writing is to call attention to mischief now threatening the rest of the park not formally given over to the mercies of the Board. The Board of Management, it seems, is about to extend its wooden flumes for the Des Peres through the eastern part of the park following that stream, tearing up the charming inner vales that are the chief beauty of that portion, and cutting down more trees that may be in the way, thus extending the wrecking plan over the whole park, and so destroying the people's enjoyment of their once lovely and picturesque forest land.

This ought not to be allowed. Very likely it is but a beginning of invasion of what is left of the park to the people. Who can tell what the Board may not do? As the MIRROR says, "the World's Fair Management is operating too much in the dark." It calls criticism "treason." If the officers elected by the people will not protect their remaining rights in Forest Park, the people ought to take their own measures promptly to save anything. If there are no sufficient protests, the work of destruction will go on and increase.

It is no excuse whatever, to say that to protect the Fair site from overflow this further destruction must be. Mr. Francis and the Board knew perfectly well at the outset that the creek was a great drawback. This fact should have been a final argument against such a site and the park should have been saved to the people. Besides, these wooden boxes are but a temporary makeshift. They will soon rot. A small rise may sweep them away. When the Exposition is over and past, what then? Is the motto of Mr. Francis, "After us the deluge?" To save the remains of our great sanitarium to the people, Mr. Editor, I submit that, in the light of what has been done, the people will have to look to it themselves and at once, or they soon will have no Forest Park at all. Can the MIRROR suggest a plan to prevent this total sacrifice of Forest Park?

Respectfully,

Chas. A. Todd, M. D.

St. Louis, April 2d.

A BUNCH OF BLUNDERS.

I am glad to see from the Australian *Official Gazette* that my own countrymen have by no means the supposed monopoly of parliamentary "bulls" which has caused these verbal confusions of otherwise clear ideas to be considered exclusively Irish. Herr Weizmann, the chief of the reporting staff in the Austrian Parliament, has made a collection of these "flowers of rhetoric," as he calls them, and gave a few specimens in a lecture which he recently delivered. I translate half a dozen, just to show what various Austro-Hungarian legislators can do when they are put to it.

"One most important point of the agricultural question is the maintenance of the breed of horses to which I have the honor to belong."

"We are here for the weal and woe of our constituents."

"Gentlemen, consider this question in the light of a dark future."

"The eye of the law weighs heavily on our press legislation."

"There, gentlemen, is the ever-changing point of which the opposition has made a hobby-horse."

"This taunt is the same old sea-serpent, which for years and years, has been groaning in this assembly."

Some of these would not bring discredit on the fair fame of Munster itself, that breeding ground of the really egregious "bull." Taken together, they are by no means a bad collection for mere Austrian M. P.'s children of that "Holy Roman Empire" whose very title was the finest bull in all history. "It was so called," said Voltaire, with absolute truth, "because it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire."

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Alice Morton is the guest of friends in the East.

Mrs. Eugene Williams is spending some weeks in the South.

Mrs. Louis Schafer will, in the near future, go to Europe by way of Hamburg.

Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser, of Maple avenue, entertained the Acephalous euchre club.

Mr. and Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne left a few days ago, to make a fortnight's visit East.

A reception will be given, on Monday afternoon, April 11th, by Mrs. Hoxie Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold Stowe are entertaining their father, Mr. William Stowe, of Boston.

Miss Minnie Lee, of Cabanne, has returned from a two months' visit in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. James Scullin have taken a house on Vernon avenue, where they are now settled.

Mrs. J. P. Litton, of New York, is visiting Mrs. John C. Roberts. Mrs. Litton formerly resided here.

Miss Grace Priest, of Westminster place, has for her guest, Miss Bertha Daley, of Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barr, of New Jersey, are here for their annual visit of a month or six weeks.

Mrs. H. W. Mount, of Chicago, will come on this week to visit her mother, Mrs. Hines, of Cabanne.

Mrs. Moses Runsey is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wann and Miss Carrie Fay Warren, of Chicago.

Miss Harriet Whyte, of Kirkwood, has gone to Indianapolis, Ind., to visit her sister, Mrs. James Copping Cotter.

Mrs. William August Bensberg has returned to her home, in Milwaukee, accompanied by her sister, Miss Seitz.

Mrs. Amadee Reyburn, Jr. gave a luncheon at her new home in Hortense place, last week, in honor of Miss Nellie Lutz.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neil, of Lindell boulevard, have postponed their trip to New York until later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Warren Brown gave a dinner last week, in honor of their guest, Miss Hazel Eckhart, of Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Werth have returned from their bridal trip and will be "at home" to their friends at 3856 Delmar boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser, of Cabanne, left on Tuesday evening, for French Lick Springs, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mr. Joseph Garneau, of New York, who has been in St. Louis with his family visiting relatives, left last week to return home.

Miss Lucile Howard is entertaining Miss Madeline Hyde, of Bath, Maine, who has come on to be one of Miss Grace Priest's bridesmaids.

Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison, of Lindell boulevard, is entertaining Miss Philo Larned, who has come on here from New York to spend several weeks.

Miss Nellie Lutz, who has been the guest of her uncle, Dr. Lutz, for several weeks, has returned to Smith College after a very pleasant visit.

Miss Martha Hutchinson has returned home after a visit of several weeks to her brother and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. Carey Hutchinson, of New York.

Miss Beatrice Dunham, who has been spending the winter with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Shelton, returned last week to her home in Denver.

The engagement of Miss Josephine Seares and Mr. Thomas Bell was announced last week at an entertainment given by Miss Lily Coale, of N. Newstead avenue, in honor of the Cooking Club, of which she is a member.

Miss Hallie Bayle, of Pine street, gave a luncheon last week, in honor of Miss Susie Outten, whose engagement to Mr. Clinton B. Fisk was announced during the afternoon, although no date was stated for the wedding.

Miss Florence Ghio and Mr. Robert Carr will be married to-morrow evening, the ceremony taking place at the home of the parents of the bride, in Cabanne. The wedding is to be a very pretty affair and the bride will be attended by a bevy of bridesmaids.

A party of Chicagoans, who arrived in St. Louis on Wednesday to attend the McDermid-Manewal wedding, including Messrs. and Mesdames, J. J. McDermid, Charles Burlingham, Mesdames Ralph Metcalfe, Harriet Gilmore and Mr. Fred MacDermid.

The marriage of Miss Lotta Lee Purdy and Mr. Charles W. Harris took place on Wednesday evening, at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. J. K. Brennan officiating. The Church was decorated with morning-glory carnations,

ferns and palms. Miss Elizabeth Davenport served the bride as maid of honor and Miss Leonide Girault as bridesmaid. Mr. James Lowell was the groom's best man, and Mr. C. D. Love, groomsmen. The three ushers were Messrs. George Lowell, James W. Trick and C. L. Huonker.

The marriage of Miss Celeste Michel and Dr. Philip Von Phul will take place, this afternoon at five o'clock, at St. Francis Xavier's Church. The bride will be attended by Miss Adelaide Von Phul as maid of honor, and Misses Mary Niedlet, Leila Martin and Francine Lucas, as bridesmaids. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Michel, of 2927 Washington avenue. The bride and groom will leave the same evening for a honeymoon tour East, and upon their return they will make their home in Cabanne.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Manewal, of 3728 Washington avenue, and Mr. Ralph McDermid, of Chicago, took place on Wednesday, April 9th, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. August Manewal, at six o'clock in the evening, Rev. Dr. McKittrick officiating. Miss Carrie Manewal attended the bride as maid of honor and Mr. Julian McDermid came down from Chicago to serve as his brother's best man. The bride and groom departed for a honeymoon tour. They will make their home in Chicago.

The marriage of Miss Grace Priest and Mr. William Grayson, will take place this evening at the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church. Miss Lucile Howard will be maid of honor and Misses Bertha Daley, of Toledo, Ohio, Madeline Hyde, of Bath, Maine, Elise Sublette, Georgie Walker and Mary Boyce the bridesmaids. Mr. George Priest will be best man and Messrs. Graham Wilson, Arthur Stickney, Arthur Corbett, Sam McCluney, John McCluney and Charles Bascome, ushers and groomsmen. After the ceremony, a reception at the home of Judge and Mrs. Priest on Westminster place. The bride and groom will go East, whence they will sail on the Germania for Europe.

The marriage of Miss Carrie Cook and Mr. Edward Pretorius, took place on Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dickson Cook, of 3828 Washington avenue, at 8 o'clock in the evening, Rev. Dr. William Short officiating. The bridesmaids were Misses Elsie Ford, Reno Dula and Helen Noel. Mr. Jack Kearney was the best man, and Messrs. Adolph Smith and Rogers Whitman, both of New York, were among the guests. The ushers were Messrs. Douglas Dickson Cook, Lynton Block, Lewis Tune and Frank Shields. After the ceremony there was a small reception for the intimate friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Pretorius left the same evening for a bridal tour East, and upon their return will be at one of the hotels, while determining their future place of residence.

The marriage of Miss Edna Moss and Mr. Horace Holt Barker took place, on Wednesday evening, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Moss, of 3135 Lucas avenue. A reception followed the ceremony. The bride and groom are at present enjoying their honeymoon, and will make their home in New York.

The marriage of Miss Lena Robinson, of West Belle, and Mr. Wilbur Christian, of Chicago, took place, on Wednesday evening, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Robinson, of 4174 West Belle. The bride was attended by Misses Cora Robinson, Grace Christian and Mildred Rhorer as bridesmaids, and Mr. Christian by Henry Allen, of Kansas City, as best man and Messrs. Eugene Lowe, and Calvin Robinson as groomsmen. The bride and groom left, the same evening, for a honeymoon tour, and will select their place of residence upon their return.

April, the month of sunshine and showers, is here, bringing promise of sweet May flowers, and though the clouds may darken and frown, the rain in copious floods comes down, in an hour, perhaps, the sun will appear, our spirits to light, our hearts to cheer. For all kinds of weather, the which we mayn't choose, you ought to be shod in a pair of Swope's shoes. Swope's are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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HOW TO GET THIN.

In a French journal is announced the discovery of a means, as simple as it is strange, for curing obesity, which is attributed to a medical officer in the army. Thanks to this means, a colonel who was threatened to be obliged to retire from the army, as he was so heavy that it required two men to lift him into the saddle, became so thin in a few weeks, and to such an extent that he had to take means to recover, in a measure, what he had lost. It was to his doctor that he was indebted for becoming a general. The means consisted simply in never eating more than one dish at each meal, no matter what that dish may be, and a person may consume as much as the stomach can bear, and satisfy the appetite without the least reserve. Nevertheless, nothing but one dish should be taken; no condiments or soups, or supplementary desserts should be allowed. This system was recommended to a lady who was slightly obese, and who put it into practice with the best results. The lady observed that she suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet, and the result obtained by the medical officer may be well understood, as she found by her own experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish or vegetables, brought on a sense of satiety much sooner than if she had partaken of a variety of dishes, whence the effect of relative abstinence.

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A GOODWIN STORY.

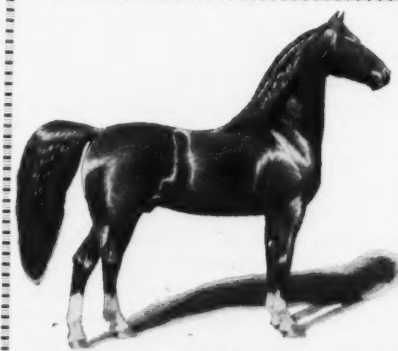
That proverbial denseness attributed to the Englishman in the presence of a joke or a funny story, was well exemplified in a yarn spun by "Nat" Goodwin. The actor says that he was entertaining a party of London friends—exceptionally clever fellows, too, as Englishmen go—in a cafe near the Duke of York's theater, just before he left that city the last time. Assuming a reckless and despondent sort of air and manner, Goodwin suddenly remarked: "Well, boys, wine, women and song are ruining me, that's certain. I've got to reform. I'm going to begin at once, and in

order to do so have decided to give up singing.

"'Twas an old joke," said Goodwin, "but I thought the Englishmen might think it was funny. But they never cracked a smile."

After Goodwin had gone to his hotel one of the party turned to a companion and said: "I say; it's funny about Goodwin, don't ye know; if he wants to reform why don't he stop drinking? Conceited ass, too, don't ye know, for he really can't sing a little bit."—*New York Times.*

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.



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ARTISTS' GUILD PICTURES.

BY CHARLES M. KURTZ.

The St. Louis Artists' Guild Exhibition, now open at the Museum of Fine Arts, in connection with the Third Annual Exhibition of the St. Louis Architectural Club, is perhaps the most creditable assemblage of works thus far shown by the members of the Guild, and it should not be overlooked by those who are interested in art. The exhibits are not evenly excellent in quality—that is not to be expected in such an exhibition—but they are mostly serious in intention, are individual in character and the average of merit is notably high. Certain of these pictures and sculptures are exceptionally fine.

Mr. Edmund H. Wuerpel must be recognized as the first landscape painter in St. Louis, and several of his pictures in this collection would hold creditable place in any exhibition in this country or abroad. I feel fully justified in saying that this artist's ability is not adequately recognized in St. Louis; otherwise, he would have few pictures in his studio for sale. Those who have known an artist for years, who have seen his work with greater or less frequency in local exhibitions, are not likely to note its steady improvement in quality or to recognize its advancement to a point beyond the ordinary. I feel that Mr. Wuerpel's best work has in it qualities analogous to those which compel our admiration in the works of Corot, Whistler, Tryon, Dewing, Macaulay Stevenson and Horatio Walker. And, like the productions of those men, the paintings of Mr. Wuerpel are instinct with most decided individuality. His pictures nearly always are invested with a certain suggestive spiritual quality—a something that Nature reveals to him but withholds from the great majority of mortals. He is a painter of moods, of influences, rather than of material things. Keenly sensitive to impressions, and of a subtly poetic nature, Mr. Wuerpel involves in his work that feeling which has animated him in its expression. He is truly a subjective painter. The topographic and the descriptive do not appeal to him; yet he knows the grammar of his art very thoroughly, and his technique is simple, unaffected and sufficient for his purpose. He resorts to no tricks of brushwork; he does not seek to attract attention by startling effects in composition or color. His arrangements, generally, are well balanced and his color is subtle and harmonious. Wuerpel is one of those very rare artists with a sense of color—of refined color. There are not many such in the world!

Of Mr. Wuerpel's pictures in the present exhibition, the one most agreeable to the writer is the tall, upright canvas entitled "The Full Moon." In the foreground is a deep, placid pool, beyond the sloping bank of which is a grove with a suggestive stretch of landscape at the extreme right. Just emerging from behind the trees is the full moon. There is a tender, luminous sky which is reflected in the water in which also are shadowed the trees. There are a dignity in the composition and a charm in the color which cannot fail to impress the intelligent observer.

Another very agreeable picture by Mr. Wuerpel is "The Druid Woods," a fore-

ground with a pool bordered by purple fleurs-de-lis, with an expanse of landscape beyond, under a twilight sky, seen through an opening between the trunks of sturdy maple trees. A third canvas shows a marshy foreground under an early evening sky with a crescent moon and a streak of crimson sunset glow along the horizon. Another subject is a roadway across a hill, passing through a clump of trees, with vivid effects of sunshine and shadow. This, while rather sketch-like in character, is very satisfactory when viewed from the proper distance. A small panel on the line, in the centre of the south wall, gives another expression of moonlight. Here we have a full moon, a third of the way above the horizon, reflected in a river occupying the fore-portion of the picture. Beyond is a stretch of landscape with trees in the foreground and wooded hills in the far distance. Every part of this composition is luminous from the moon's rays. One feels this moonlight. Still another canvas, entitled "The Crescent Moon," is an early evening effect showing the new moon reflected across the rippling waters of a river, with a mass of foliage in the foreground at the right, and slender trees breaking across the main lines of the composition at the left.

Richard E. Miller is one of the commanding figures in the exhibition, though he is represented by only two pictures. His "Portrait" is a powerful study of an elderly woman, painted with great ability. The figure is seated, turned toward the left. The face is seamed and shrunken, showing a life that has been full of cares. There is in the eyes, however, an expression of patience in suffering, and a suggestion of faith in the Over-ruling Wisdom that the Bible, lying in the lap and held loosely in the wrinkled hands, only serves to reflect. Here again is technique that is simple yet subtle; conservative, subordinate, yet consummate. It is very realization of character. For this picture Mr. Miller received a gold medal at the Salon, Paris, in 1900, and a bronze medal at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last year. It is certainly a work of which a much older artist than Mr. Miller might be proud. Mr. Miller's second canvas, "Evening, Concarneau," represents a view across the river toward the village on a hazy, moonlight night. In the foreground is a stretch of shore with a short pier jutting out to the left, with fishing boats about it. The moon is not visible, but one feels the influence of the moonlight on the river and the distant house-tops. A single bright star shines in the tender sky, there are lights in some of the houses and a brighter light, on one of the distant boats, is reflected in the stream. In composition, color and sentiment this work is very delightful. For it the artist was awarded the Wanamaker prize at the American Art Association's exhibition held in Paris last year.

A head of a boy, "Norton—a Portrait," by Miss Sophie Schuyler, ranks among the especially noteworthy pictures in the exhibition. It is a portrait of a young son of Mr. William Schuyler, and is what might be characterized "a speaking likeness." But it is more than this—it is an admirable piece of painting. While, upon very close inspection, it may impress the observer as being a trifle hard, with several unduly

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sharp lines, viewed at the proper distance these objections disappear, and we see a portraits of Lenbach.

work which I have no hesitation in comparing—with respect to vital qualities, which it possesses, though not, of course, in characteristics of a masterpiece. Miss

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Schuyler is represented also by a small landscape—a night effect with the evening star reflected in a foreground pool. The latter does not do that full justice to her ability which is displayed in the portrait.

Gustave Wolff exhibits several landscapes of excellent quality. The most artistic of these, in the opinion of the writer, is "Early Spring," which shows, extending toward the spectator, a bench of grass-grown ground broken at the edges by recent rains and showing patches of red brown earth on its face, while in the middle distance is a grove of straight, young trees beyond which are houses half hidden in the foliage. At the right, beyond a stretch of green bushes, which probably marks the borders of the stream, is a brown field with distant roofs showing above it. There is a luminous gray sky, characteristic of an April day. The composition of this picture is unconventional and natural, yet agreeable. The color is harmonious and refined throughout. Mr. Wolff's largest canvas is a winter picture entitled "A Morning Thaw," presenting a snow-covered field with a frozen pool in the foreground, groups of trees beyond, and in the middle distance the white roofs of a village under an early morning sky. One is impressed with the feeling that this is a faithful study of Nature. It is agreeable in color and appears to be true in its values. The composition might have been more satisfactory if the shape of the pool had been somewhat modified. If this is a transcription of Nature, it is a case in which the artist would have been justified in taking some liberties with her. "After the Storm" is an effective study, treated in a broad, simple way and also suggesting work directly from Nature. "Sunset," representing a foreground meadow with a clump of trees in the middle distance cutting across a sky and brilliant with sunset color near the horizon and with heavy dark clouds above, is a canvas of great charm of color and feeling, and is simple and satisfying in

technique. It is such a picture as "grows upon one" the more it is looked at.

Cornelia F. Maury is most successful in portrayals of childhood. Her small figures are simple, unaffected, with no suggestion of pose. They convey that delightful feeling of unconsciousness in the subject that always is so charming either in nature or in artistic expression. The pastel depicting the flaxen-haired child in blue dress drawing a tiny cart is exceedingly artistic, and the same may be said of a pastel showing a small child enclosed in a Dutch high-chair near a window. A third picture—also a pastel—represents a choir-boy in a red robe, red cap and white surplice, sitting in a high-backed, carved chair holding a book in his hand. Miss Maury really has produced nothing finer than this last. It is a most excellent work.

Frederick A. Stoddard is one of the most prominent figures in art hereabouts. He is represented by only two works on this occasion. His "Last Souvenirs," exhibited in the Salon some years ago, shows an old woman and her daughter sitting, grief-stricken, before a small open valise lying on the floor near them, which has come home to them with the relics of a son and brother who has been left on the battlefield. Lying in front of them are the dark blue coat with brass buttons, the cap which he wore, the pipe, the pocketbook—all most vivid reminders of him who has gone. It is an impressive subject and Mr. Stoddard has painted it with feeling. His other contribution is the design for the cover of the Easter edition of the MIRROR—an extended description of which already has been published.

George A. Harker—well known for his effective newspaper cartoons—contributes a number of excellent studies. One of the best of them is "Early Morning in Pont Aven"—showing a stream in the foreground, reflecting the houses of a village and a tender blue sky. There is much of truth and beauty in this work. It is a piece of honest painting by a man who sees clearly and has the ability to express what he sees as he sees it. Mr. Harker's "Autumn" is a sketch that is powerful and fine in color, though not strictly agreeable in composition. This is another case in which the artist evidently has followed nature very literally. "A River in Brittany" and a small water color, "Across the River," are other meritorious works by Mr. Harker. The last mentioned is particularly vigorous in treatment and is fine in decorative quality.

Paul E. Harney, a veteran in the St. Louis field of art, contributes three pictures. His "Chickens" is a careful study of a subject in the treatment of which the artist has achieved deserved reputation. It represents several fowls in a field. "Out in the Cold" shows a number of chickens huddled closely together in an out-house on a windy, rainy day, and "A Pen Study" depicts groups of pigs and chickens in an enclosure behind a barn.

Frederick Oakes Sylvester, a conscientious and most industrious painter, is represented by a number of effective pictures. His "Eads Bridge" is one of the best. We have a near view of one of the great piers rising from the middle of the river, with projecting piers and the Illinois shore beyond. The effect is of early morning, and the sunlight from the southeast falls across the river from the farther end of the bridge, the structure itself being in shadow, while the water—also in shadow—takes its color from the reflected blue of the sky and

rosy clouds of sun-tinged steam which rise from the smokestack near the end of the bridge. Only under the arches the stream shows its characteristic muddy color. Mr. Sylvester has treated this subject in an impressive and effective manner. He has chosen a most fortunate time of day for his study, when the conditions have offered exceptional opportunity. "The Light Behind the Bar" is another bridge subject. Here the observer looks from the upper side of the bridge under one of the great spans toward the Missouri shore, with steamers drawn up along the levee and tall houses beyond, with the sky filled with smoke and steam above them. Here the sun shines from the west, above the city, the light falling upon the water beyond the shadow of the buildings. This is one of many illustrations of the picturesqueness that offers opportunity to the artists of St. Louis, but which is very generally neglected. Mr. Sylvester is one of the very few men who has recognized and admirably utilized the possibilities hereabout. A view of sand dunes near the coast entitled "Provincetown," is a very effective example of Mr. Sylvester's work, and it also bears evidence of having been painted directly from nature. There are two attractive water colors, a view off the coast with rocks in the foreground, and a study of fishing boats, also by Mr. Sylvester.

Gustav Waldeck exhibits two character-

istic heads, "Hans" and "Pat," a head and bust of a young girl with the title, "Josephine," and a portrait sketch of a young woman in a *decollette* gown with the face in shadow. This last is one of the best of the artist's works.

By Sylvester Annan there are a miniature portrait of a young woman and a composition representing classic music showing a graceful young woman playing the lyre.

Three landscapes in aquarelle, by Helen D. Bridge, are effective and agreeable in color and show close study of Nature. There are also in aquarelle four views in Quebec, by Lillian M. Brown, which present picturesque phases of the old city in a very artistic manner. In crisp, vigorous handling and in brilliancy of coloring, they are particularly noteworthy.

Two designs of a frieze for a nursery, by Grace Hazard, introduce familiar characters from the realms of Mother Goose. They are treated in outline with flat tones of color and are very pleasant to look at.

Robert M. Root, of Shelbyville, Illinois, shows a portrait of Mr. Norman Foster, which is natural in pose. Louis Mutrux exhibits a portrait of a lady in a gauzy, white dress and three portrait studies in pastel. By Louis Mullgardt is an effective "poster-like" portrait of a child, treated in a very simple, effective and artistic manner. J. Wilton Cunningham is represented by "The Enchanted Hour"—several nymphs disport-



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ing themselves in an orchard in blossom-time; and a street scene in Jefferson City, in the autumn, when the foliage is turning and the leaves have begun to fall. The former is an idyllic scheme of pale pinks and light greens; the latter is vigorous and realistic, with excellent atmospheric quality.

There are five artistic photographs in the collection from the studio of Mr. Strauss. They are not photographs pure and simple, but, upon a photographic basis, the artist has added individual detail and the result has been photographed. Each of these productions, rightfully, may be termed a work of art and worthy of consideration as such.

The sculptural works, and the pieces of pottery, by Henrietta Ord Jones, are among the most attractive of the exhibits. By Robert P. Bringhurst an ideal head in plaster entitled "Architecture" is at the same time dignified and graceful. Mr. Bringhurst is another artist who is deserving of wider recognition than a man who spends his life in St. Louis is apt to obtain in the world of art. Such work as he has done here would command respectful attention in the great exhibitions of London, Paris, Berlin and New York. Like Mr. Wuerpel, he is not adequately appreciated by the people among whom he lives. He is one of the half-dozen ablest sculptors in this country. Several photographs from works designed by Mr. Bringhurst for the coming World's Fair bear out what I have written.

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Particularly to be noted are the "Quadriga" the "Triptolemus" and the groups representing "Spinning" and "Weaving," for the Textiles Building.

A charming conceit by Florence Sharman is a design for an ink-well. A lissome young girl, seated on a rock, lifts up the cover of the receptacle for the ink. The figure is exquisite in its proportions and modelling—a very personification of grace. Miss Sharman shows, also, a relief "Life, Love and Happiness"—the figure of a young woman and child emerging from a lily leaf. This is another beautiful work.

"The Awakening Water Nymph," by Clara Pfeifer, is a bronze figure above life-size, which is to adorn the entrance to Kingsbury Place, St. Louis. It is, on the whole, an ambitious and successful work, though it might, perhaps, more agreeably express a general feeling of less rigidity. A sketch for a fountain entitled "Hylas" and a design for an electric light fixture are very effective productions of this artist—who also shows photographs of a design for a quadriga that is very creditable.

There are four examples of underglazed pottery in solid colors (flat glazes) which were made up by Miss Jones at the Volkmar pottery, last summer, which exhibit great beauty of form and refined color. Two of them are vases, in gradations of dark green; a third is a mottled, robin's-egg blue and the fourth is a dark olive brown. The two decorated pieces are of porcelain overglazed and were done in St. Louis. The larger piece, a tall ovoid-shaped vase, is decorated in a conventional Moorish design worked out in gold, over an iridescent surface of metallic luster. It is one of the most exquisite pieces of decorative work that has been shown in this city. The smaller piece is a bonbonniere in a lighter scheme of color—iridescent greens with Arabian design in raised gold. These two decorated pieces are the result of experimental processes individual with Miss Jones, and they are extremely creditable to her artistic feeling and technical ability.

Four book-bindings by Mary A. Bulkley add variety to the exhibit. They are all in leather exquisitely tooled in gold.

The architectural exhibit, in connection with which the Guild exhibition is held, is extremely interesting. A number of designs for World's Fair structures are shown. There are numerous artistic drawings of various picturesque structures here and abroad, there are numerous schemes of artistic interior decoration, plaster casts of sculptural decoration and there are a great many photographs of completed works by architects of St. Louis and other cities. A visit to the Art Museum during the period of this exhibition will amply repay anyone who is interested in any of the phases of art that are there represented.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

A mad Princess of the House of Bourbon on being asked why the reigns of queens were in general more prosperous than the reigns of kings, replied: "Because, under kings, women govern; under queens, men."

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THEATRICALS.

HERR SONNENTHAL.

"Die Tochter des Herrn Fabricius," (The Daughter of Fabricius) as presented by the great German actor, Herr Adolph von Sonnenenthal and his admirable support, Herr Conrad's Irving Place (New York) Stock Company, at the Germania Theater last Sunday evening, is a production not soon to be forgotten. Wilbrandt's somber play was not a happy selection as a medium through which to exploit Herr Sonnenenthal's wonderful talents, but the actor's interpretation of the role of Fabricius was of such exquisite light and shade, one's rapt attention was held throughout. Indeed, it is a rare privilege to witness acting of the general excellence of Herr Sonnenenthal and that of Herr Conrad's players.

The part, Fabricius, is that of a man who has been imprisoned for twenty-five years on a charge of which he was little more than technically guilty. He comes out of prison an aged, broken, timid wreck of his former self. There is a daughter with a little son, to whom his paternal love and instincts draw him irresistibly, but to whom he will not reveal himself for fear of bringing disgrace upon them. He enters the house where they are staying surreptitiously, and for this offense is again brought before the authorities and put under a rigid examination. In the end, of course, his daughter compels him to recognize her, and the curtain falls upon a happy scene.

It is in the scene with his child that the artist rose to heights of dramatic feeling. The criminal, self-confessed and humble, half shrinks from his daughter, half yearns to smother her in his embrace. These same contending emotions rend the daughter's heart, until at last parental and filial love outweigh all other considerations. The portrayal of this scene will be forever remembered.

An artist less great than Sonnenenthal could not have carried out the difficult part of the convict without marring the picture and dispelling the illusion of the spectator now and then. As it was, the delineation was so perfect and finely shaded that the very acme of realism was reached at all times.

Hedwig Lange, the leading woman, who



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played the title role, and] Alexander Rottmann, the *Rol*, were especially forceful and finished in their acting. In fine, to repeat, "The Daughter of Fabricius" will linger long in its auditors' memory.

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

The programme, rendered as the third informal of "The White Squadron," given at Liederkranz Hall, on April 4, is well worthy of comment. "The Violin Maker of Cremona," Jerome's beautiful costume play, was presented by Messrs. Tom. J. Hester, Martin R. Sweeney, Edward J. Andrae, and Miss Addie L. Kormann; and "The Littlest Girl," Robert Hilliard's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis' story, "Her First Appearance," by Messrs. Joseph H. Tumbach and Edward J. Andrae, with Miss Hortense Tredway as "The Littlest Girl." Miss Lillian M. Sutter, a well-known vocalist, sang several songs in her usual brilliant way. There were other clever performers on the roster, and, taking it all in all, the affair was a decided success, and by giving such entertainments "The White Squadron" has placed itself in the ranks of the foremost amateur theatrical companies in the city.

THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

The third performance given by the Players' Club, Friday evening, at the Germania Theater, presenting the farce playette, "A Quiet Family," and the drama, "Love's Mastery," was one of merit. Both offerings were appropriately staged and the participants all well-coached. King Baggot, as *Jack Dunning*, in "Love's Mastery," displayed intelligent interpretation and acquitted himself even more splendidly than his friends expected. There were, of course, some crudities, but these were readily overlooked because of the obvious earnest endeavor on the part of the performers to give polish to their work.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Castle Square organization takes its departure from the Mound City on Saturday next after a series of performances that have made Manager Short's theater, for several weeks, the recognized Mecca of music lovers. The coming week will be a gala farewell festival of song and will introduce a repertoire of brilliant offerings. On Sunday night the sacred concert, given on Good Friday evening, will be repeated, Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the chief offering of the evening, will be preceded by the following list of devotional solos, which will follow the performance by Chevalier Emanuel and the Castle Square orchestra of the "Robespierre" overture. "The Holy City," by Adams, Mr. E. A. Clark; Gounod's "Repentance," Miss Adelaide Norwood; Faure's "The Crucifix," by Mr. Boyle; Verdi's "Peace, Peace, My God," Miss Ludwig; "Holy Night," by Adams, Mr. Delamotta; and Mendelssohn's "Hear, Oh, Israel," Miss Rennyson. On Monday and Wednesday evenings, "Il Trovatore" will be sung, with the following cast: Manrico, Joseph F. Sheehan; Count, Winfred Goff; Ferrando, Francis J. Boyle; Leonora, Adelaide Norwood; Azucena, Ethel Houston DuFre; Inez, Maud Ramey; Ruiz, George Tennery. For Tuesday evening and Saturday matinee the "Bohemian Girl" will be given, with Miss Rennyson in the title role; Miss Norwood in the same part at the matinee performance. The remaining cast is: Gipsy Queen, Marion Ivell; Thaddeus, Miro Delamotta; Count, E. A. Clark; Florestine, George Tennery; Devilshoof, Francis J. Boyle; Captain, Frank Ranney; Buda, Nora McGahan. Wednesday

matinee and Saturday night will introduce the young St. Louis prima donna, Miss Josephine Ludwig, as Carmen, in Bizet's Spanish masterpiece, of which the full cast is as follows: Carmen, Josephine Ludwig; Michaela, Gertrude Rennyson; Frasquita, Maud Ramey; Mercedes, Marion Ivell; Escamillo, E. A. Clark; Don Jose, Miro Delamotta; Zuniga, Francis J. Boyle; Dancairo, J. Parker Coombs; Ramendado, Frank Ranney; Morales, Francis Carrier. On Friday night, "Faust" will receive its only presentation of the week, and the following artists have been cast for the Gounod masterpiece: Faust, Joseph F. Sheehan; Mephisto, Francis J. Boyle; Valentine, E. A. Clark; Marguerite, Gertrude Rennyson; Martha, Maud Ramey; Siebel, Ethel Houston DuFre; Wagner, J. Parker Coombs. On Saturday night, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be the farewell offering. "Cavalleria" is cast as follows: Santuzza, Gertrude Rennyson; Lola, Marion Ivell; Lucia, Ethel Houston DuFre; Turiddu, Miro Delamotta; Alfio, E. A. Clark. "I Pagliacci" will present the following strong array of talent: Canio, Joseph F. Sheehan; Silvio, Francis Carrier; Tonio, Winfred Goff; Poppe, George Tennery; Nedda, Josephine Ludwig.

During its engagement in this city the Castle Square organization has presented a notable series of classic operas in an artistic and satisfactory manner. During the next year's engagement here, the Castle Square Company promises a treat to St. Louis music lovers in the first production of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," a work upon which the author of "La Boheme" is now putting the finishing touches, and to which Mr. Savage holds the exclusive American rights. But the Castle Square will be welcomed even though it offers identically the same operas.

Friday, April 14, an exceptionally interesting concert will be given at the Odeon, for the purpose of obtaining funds to procure a bronze bust, to be placed in that theater, in memory of the late Charles Humphrey. Following is the very excellent programme:

Duo for two pianofortes—variations from a theme of Beethoven, Op 35, C. "Saint Saens." Mr. Kunkel and Mr. Kroeger.
Violoncello Solos.
(a) Romanze, Op 47 E. R. Kroeger.
(b) Tarantella Golterman.
Mr. Anton, accompanied by Mr. Epstein;
Baritone Solo.
"She Alone Charmeth My Sadness," from "Queen of Sheba" C. Gounod.
Mr. Porteous, accompanied by Mr. Ernst.
Pianoforte Solos.
(a) Nocturne Op 62 No. 2 Chopin.

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(b) Scherzo. Mr. Vieh.
Soprano Solo.
"Abscheulicher" from "Fidelio" L. Von Beethoven.
Mrs. Cunningham, accompanied by Mr. Epstein.
Violin Solos.
(a) Adoration F. Borowski.
(b) Au bord d' in Enisseau J. Boisdreffre.
Mrs. Burg, accompanied by Mr. Ernst.
Tenor Solos.
(a) "So Fair and Pure" C. Dennee.
(b) "One Love Have I" F. Cowen.
(c) Romance from "La Gioconda" Ponchielli.
Mr. Carrie, accompanied by Mr. Epstein.
Alto Solo.
"Scena," "Cavatina" and "Aria," from "Der Prophet" G. Meyerbeer.
Mrs. Bollman, accompanied by Mr. Ernst.
Male Quartet—"The Goblins"—words by J. Whitcomb Riley.
Messrs. Dauer, Ravold, Poepping and Stender.
Duet for Alto and Baritone.
"Laci Daren" from "Don Giovanni" W. A. Mozart.
Mrs. Bollman and Mr. Porteous, accompanied by Mr. Ernst.
Duo for two pianofortes.
Nocturne, "Ferry Dance" and "Wedding March," from "Midsummer Night's Dream Music" F. Mendelssohn.
(Arranged for two pianofortes by Mr. C. Kunkel, Mr. Kroeger and Mr. Kunkel.)

"Quality Street," the successful new comedy, by J. M. Barrie, will be produced at the Olympic theater, the week of the 13th, opening Monday night; Miss Maude Adams essaying the leading role. The play is one of the prettiest and daintiest ever written by that distinguished dramatist and novelist, one of those exquisitely tender plays of sentiment. A play that pursues the even tenor of its way, relying principally on its simplicity, the beauty and wholesomeness of its story and its quaint manners. It is humorous, and is clean as the blue and white room of the Misses Trossell, where the muddy-booted Sergeant is made to stand on paper while he speaks with Miss Phoebe, and across which a strip of webbing is rolled for the school children to pass out upon in order that the carpet may not be soiled. The extreme cleanliness of the comedy is fittingly characterized by these incidents of careful housekeeping. From all of which it may be gathered that "Quality Street" is the type of play which one recommends to persons of all ages, especially to the very young and to the ladies. It is the kind of play which one likes to discuss amid the wholesome influences of home. Miss Adams' ability to portray various



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and varied characters is too well known to need exploitation. The sale of seats opens Thursday morning.

Mme. Helene Odilon, assisted by the Irving Place Theater Stock Company, of New York, will appear at the Germania Theater, Sunday, the 13th, in Ludwig Fulda's comedy success, "Die Zwillingsschwester," (The Twin Sister.) The play is a costume comedy, laid in Padua, during the sixteenth century, and written in neatly turned verse. A husband becomes tired of his wife, though she is a most charming woman. The wife takes advantage of her twin-sister's expected visit and masquerades as the visitor, with the result that the husband falls in love with the presumed twin-sister, really his own wife. The humor of the wife's ruse and of the resultant comedy of errors, is, it is said, capitally maintained throughout the four acts. There are also several characters besides that of the heroine, Giuditta, which are skillfully drawn. Mme. Odilon won many laurels in New York for her artistic work as Giuditta, and Germania patrons will doubtless hail her coming as a rare treat. Wednesday, the 16th, the comic opera, "Die Fledermaus," will be the attraction.

"The Merry Maidens," at the Standard, this week, with their two bright sketches and unusually entertaining interpolated vaudeville offerings, are drawing large audiences. Harry Seebach and Nellie Hanley as "headliners," are presenting very clever turns. Next week's attraction, "The Brigadier Burlesquers"

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MUSIC.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY AND THOMAS.

The last concert of the Choral Symphony season and the last two of the Thomas Orchestra series were given during the past week. A continuation of the home society's concerts or further visits from the Chicago Orchestra are doubtful. There is a deficit—a big one—and the faithful guarantors, who have propped up the society for twenty years, cannot be asked to bear the burden alone again, so the existence of the local orchestra depends on the public.

Unfortunately the last concert of the season was not given in a way to inspire great enthusiasm and materially increase subscriptions. "St. Paul" was the oratorio presented. The "cuts" were many and deep and began with the overture. Good work was done by the chorus, but in addition to precision of attack, and volume of tone, more appreciation of the spirit of the text might have been shown. The orchestra also did some excellent work, but the soloists were, with one exception, the usual exasperatingly banal singers.

Homer Moore, who sang the music given to St. Paul, showed his artistic, vocal and musical perceptions to the front rows, but apparently did not care to take the rest of the audience into his confidence.

The tenor, a well meaning young man, with a rotund figure and an adamant voice, addressed himself earnestly and dramatically to the ceiling. His efforts were great, but futile. He failed signally to be impressive and many irreverent spirits in the audience found humor in the fact that the text caused the chorus to exclaim: "Take him away!" Immediately after he had labored through his first number, and when he next ventured on a short recitative, the choristers rose in a body and cried with increased fury: "Stone him!"

The only reason advanced by a member of the Executive Committee for the engagement of the contralto, was that "she sang

cheap." However, the lady did not earn the money paid for her singing, small though the amount may have been, as from the sounds she made it can hardly be said that she sang—she bleated.

The stolid soprano sang better than she did in the Verdi "Requiem" early in the season.

The conductor stamped his foot fatuously at chorus and orchestra, and gave quite a successful imitation of Creatore.

Mistakes in programme construction and in the selection of soloists have been not a few this season, but even if the subscribers do not feel greatly enthused over the series of concerts just ended, they should give the society their hearty support, and hope for better things next year. No Choral Symphony would mean the musical St. Louis of twenty-two years ago.

The management of the Thomas Orchestra has evidently felt the "pulse of the public" to some purpose, and the popular, delightfully interpreted programme, given Friday night, drew a fine audience. The great programme of Saturday rejoiced the musically cultured but failed to attract a large attendance.

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tra and the Choral Symphony supporters, unfortunately do not work together. We want and need concerts by both organizations and harmony and co-operation might give them to us, but if the Thomas followers refuse to help the local Society, and the Choral Symphony guarantors give Thomas the "cold shoulder," we stand in a fair way of getting neither the one nor the other.

NORDICA TO-NIGHT.

This evening at the Odeon, Mme. Lillian Nordica will give an operatic recital. She will be assisted by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, contralto, and in the sextette from "Lucia" by Messrs. Geo. Carrie, Jas. Rohan, Homer Moore and James Garfield Stanley. Mr. E. Romaine Simmons will play the piano accompaniments. The programme is one of the most representative ever attempted by any singer and illustrates the progress of vocal music during the last two hundred years in France, Germany and Italy. To-night's recital is the only one of the kind which Mme. Nordica will give in America and is perhaps the only one of the kind which she has ever given. It will afford an abundant opportunity for those who attend the concert to measure the real greatness of the artist and to come to a full appreciation of her remarkable ability and almost boundless vocal resources. Vocal students will be afforded a most favorable chance to learn how the various schools of music are made distinct by traditions peculiar to each, for it is to be expected that Mme. Nordica will sing each selection with the interpretation of the time and country in which it was written.

Since Mme. Nordica was here last December she has traveled tens of thousands of miles and sung to hundreds of thousands of people in every part of the United States. Her tour has been a sort of triumphal progress and even the much advertised Kubelik has not been received by greater or more enthusiastic audiences. Mme. Nordica comes to St. Louis especially for this recital and it may be taken as a token of esteem and a compliment to the local musical public that in the midst of such a busy season she has taken the time to prepare a special programme for St. Louis and St. Louis alone.

Miss Katharine Fiske, the well known contralto, has just returned from a tour of

the Pacific Coast, where she has met with unqualified success wherever she has sung. The press of San Francisco and other cities has been enthusiastic about her work and she is now contemplating a series of return concerts next season. The programme is as follows: Air—"Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Theodore, Handel, Mme. Lillian Nordica; Air—"Che Faro Senza Euridice," Orpheus, Gluck, Miss Katharine Fisk; Canzone—"Voi, Che Sapete," Figaro, Mozart, Mme. Nordica; Recitative and Air—"Ah Perfido," Beethoven, Mme. Nordica; Fides' Air—"Oh My Son," Prophet, Meyerbeer Mrs Fisk; Polonaise, Mignon, Thomas, Mme. Nordica; Elsa's Dream, Lohengrin, Wagner, Mme. Nordica; Invocation to Love, Samson and Delilah, Saint Saens, Mrs. Fisk; Hungarian Aria, Erkel, Mme. Nordica; The Sextette, Lucia, Donizetti; Mme. Nordica, Mrs. Fisk and Messrs. Geo. Carrie, Jas. Rohan, Homer Moore, Jas. G. Stanley.

THE APOLLO CLUB VINDICATED.

The Apollo Club is itself again. All season, or at least since its first concert in November, this haughty body has writhed under the imputation that its costly importations in the way of soloists, have been "frosts" of the most nipping description. This was almost more than the proud Apollo could bear and it mentally resolved to do or die before the season ended. Tuesday evening it did that which cleared its fair name, and made it brighter than ever. The occasion was the last concert of the season and two of the principal singers of the Grau Opera Company—Mme. Louise Homer and Sig. Di Marchi—were engaged in an outlay of something like fifteen hundred dollars. The club has heretofore given ample evidence that fees written in four figures do not frighten it, but the high-priced "artists" have, on several occasions, failed to "pan out" as expected. These failures have been especially flagrant recently, causing the club to turn its back on the agents who have sold it the gold bricks, and to place its faith in Maurice Grau. The result has proven that in this case its confidence was not misplaced. The soloists proved themselves fully worthy of their reputations. And then, to add to the general joy of the occasion, the club did some exceptionally stirring singing.

Everybody seemed glad of the Apollo's triumph. It is in many ways a unique or-

Take

that five dollar suit for boys of six to sixteen years—we don't know of a better-wearing suit at any price, and it certainly has as much style to it as the average boy can stand—broad military shoulders—tailor stitching just where it ought to be—the nice touches that go to make "style"—cloths are chevviots, cassimeres and serges—stout all-wool cloth made for wear—careful tailoring put into every seam and the suit shows it—sewn with silk—double cloth where the hard wear comes—this suit is made up for us and we call it the Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney special.

Then for the younger boy—of the sailor suit age—we have a five dollar garment that the mothers buy right along—handsomely embroidered in silk—all the new features as fashion takes to itself new frills—still it is always the same specially woven cloth—carefully tailored—sewn with silk—every stitch and every inch of cloth dependable—a suit that you can buy with your eyes shut.

For shoes there's the "Sorosis"—you can't get a shoe that will wear as well as a "Sorosis"—unless it be another "Sorosis"—this shoe is building up a big reputation for itself on the foundation of a solid service—the school shoe, made of special calf with heavy welted sole costs \$3.50—will outwear several cheaper shoes and look well to the end—should it not be just what we say—bring it back.

ganization and it would be too bad to have it descend to the commonplace. More polished male chorus work cannot be heard anywhere in the United States than that done by the Apollo Club, and if, as has been said, mistakes have been made in the selection of soloists this was done in good faith.

One thing that makes the task of supplying only the best soloists a difficult one, is the rule that no artist who has previously appeared in St. Louis shall be engaged, nor shall any artist be engaged for a second appearance with the Club. This rule, with very few exceptions, has been strictly adhered to, and, consequently, many soloists have had to be taken "on trust." The

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exceptions to the "first appearance in St. Louis" rule have been Jean Gerardy, Lillian Blauvelt and Louise Homer, who sang Tuesday night. Mme. Homer had previously been heard with the Grau Opera Company, in "Aida," but Sig. Di Marchi, the other of Tuesday night's soloists, though announced, had failed to appear, and the Apollo Club concert gave St. Louisans the first opportunity of hearing the tenor who was the one conspicuous success of Grau's New York season.

Mme. Homer's share of the programme embraced an operatic aria—the venerable "Nobil Signor,"—a group of songs, and the Amneris music in the duet from the fourth act of "Aida." She sang gloriously. Her fresh, superbly firm voice is used with rare art, and her musicianship is evidenced by her smooth broad phrasing. Singing such as Homer's, atones for any number of disappointing soloists.

Di Marchi in his solo numbers was chiefly interesting as an example of a by-gone school of operatic singing, but in the duet with the contralto made some thrilling effects.

The number that aroused most enthusiasm during the evening was a very clever arrangement, by Paul Mori, of the sextette from "Lucia," sung by the club.

A. C. W.

Once when preparing for a dinner party, Theodore Hook, the English humorist, provided himself with several bright farthings from the mint; and when proceeding after the festivities to his carriage, he discovered several servants awaiting him in the hall. He slipped a coin into the hand of one of them. The man glanced at it, noticed the size and bowed low in thanks, under the impression that he was a sovereign richer, while Theodore, dispensing largess of a like nature to the other servants went on his way rejoicing. As he stepped into his carriage, one of the footmen who had discovered the real value of the pour-boire, ran out, saying: "Sir, I think you have made a mistake!" "Not at all, my good man," replied the humorist, with a gracious wave of the hand. "I never give less. Coachman, drive on."

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THE SOCIETY WOMAN.

The society woman of to-day is the "new woman" in the true sense of that term. She spends her waking hours abroad in the land, going to and fro, driving or riding over the earth. The "claims" upon her time, invited or succumbed to by herself, are varied and manifold. Entertaining and seeking entertainment are to her all absorbing. She lives in a chronic state of pressure for time, especially alluded to when things not particularly interesting and pleasurable are presented for her notice or consideration. Yet the women of fashion are not necessarily destitute of conscience. With them—as a class, and with other human beings—conscience is in various stages of culture or numbness, according to the degree of soul-unfoldment reached by each. Among the new women are some who take a certain interest in, and give oversight to, their households, and who keep in touch with the general management through daily interviews with their superintendents.

They select for their children the best possible nurses, personal maids, governesses and tutors. This is important, as the children of this class of people are, as a rule, more intimately and constantly associated with attendants and instructors than with their parents.

The fashionable mother of to-day likes to travel at will, assured that her house will be ready at any moment for her to resume entertaining, and considers that the care of her children and their education will continue without interruption while she enjoys herself in her chosen way on either side of the Atlantic, unhampered by household or family cares. She loves her offspring enough to prefer their welfare to that of any other mother's child, and has sufficient pride regarding them to wish her own progeny to be a credit to her by filling their positions in life becomingly. When at home she sees them daily, as a rule. If they are of suitable age, they may lunch with her when she is not entertaining. But this new woman's children never interfere with her programme. As she generally breakfasts in bed, those old enough call upon her before she is up mornings. If there chance to be a baby, the nurse takes it, at stated times, to be kissed and looked upon by its fond mother, or, if very devoted, she may pay periodical visits to the nursery. The child of a fashionable mother never is known to cry for its mamma. Babies in Fifth avenue mansions are much more likely to cry for their nurses. An infant's nurse in one of these palatial residences once remarked of her mistress: "She does not know one-half of her baby's sweet, engaging ways, because he is loveliest at bedtime. Then his mother is dressing for the evening." It seems to be the vogue in these days for young mothers to sail across the sea leaving babies of a few months at home, "well cared for," in charge of others. The ocean cable answers every purpose as a cord of connection for keeping the doting parents in touch with their offspring. Burdens of motherhood and housekeeping cares are alike shifted to other shoulders.

Old-time poetry and pictures concerning the mother and her babe would be incomprehensible to this modern society woman. "Domestic life" is to her an obsolete, meaningless term. She expends no vitality upon these "matters of antiquity." Personal enjoyment and keeping her good or youthful looks intact constitute the paramount interest of her life. These objects she pursues unremittingly, concentrating especially

upon her appearance, aided by sundry devices and inventions of modern science. To the society woman a beauty sleep is impossible. The masseuse takes its place, and rejuvenates instead of nature's sweet restorer. That scientific manipulator's skill is in constant demand to exorcise wrinkles and other signs of age and dissipation. No more welcome person crosses the threshold of palatial mansions. She is the jaded pleasure seekers' fairy godmother.

The daily mail of a woman of fashion is a formidable medley, not conducive to serenity. Invitations innumerable to luncheons, dinners, balls, musicales, receptions, etc., cost her considerable difficult planning and diplomacy. She receives requests for subscriptions to every variety of eleemosynary project, tickets for endless affairs to help along halting charities or to introduce proteges to public notice; circulars—advertising every imaginable business—seldom looked at, and, of course, begging letters of all descriptions pouring in a steady stream. Among her mail are the poor relations' reminders. None is so rich as not to have impecunious connections whose appeals for help are sometimes made in vain. The fashionable new woman relieves herself of much of her mail through the employment of one or more secretaries, acting under her instructions. She avoids combined appeals to her sensibilities and purse through their services and the use of an ample supply of stationery engraved with one stereotyped response answering many kinds of appeal. The wording, though brief, is polite and decisive. It reads: "Mrs. — or Miss — is so constantly in receipt of applications for interviews and requests for aid that she cannot give them personal attention, and begs to be excused."

The engagement calendar of a fashionable leader is a source of constant care. On its pages she forges invisible chains, binding her to the routine thereon indicated. Engagements are entered weeks and months in advance. She consults it carefully if she be punctilious in keeping appointments, as she must be if seeking popularity. Not every society woman, however, keeps and is governed by an engagement calendar. Some are too indolent or careless to do so. Failure in this particular results in the hopelessly delinquent being consigned to an outer circle of balls and big promiscuous entertainments. Invitations to join the select few at exclusive functions become scarce in their experience.

A fashionable leader's weekly "at home" is inescapable. From 3 to 6.30 P. M. she is a prisoner in her own salon, while throngs of carriages and callers arrive at and leave her door. The receiving over, her butler delivers to her a heap of bits of pasteboard, important vouchers for those who have paid their social indebtedness to her and placed her in arrears.

Of these cards she makes notes for guidance in paying, either in person or by card, her own visiting debts. These reminders keep society's wheels revolving and preserve harmony in the world of conventional visiting and involve some bookkeeping. It cannot be denied that in many instances the card is more welcome than the caller would be.

A woman who succeeds in attaining the position of leader in fashionable society and who can hold it against other rivals, possesses talents and executive ability. She might easily succeed in a higher, more useful career. Should fate suddenly divest her of fortune and position, her talents, wisely used, would probably assure her a comfortable, if not luxurious, home, with independ-

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Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William E. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terra cottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness, but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintanceship. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor, who passed beyond the Hercules pillars. . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and other Poems" is also a failure, as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*). *The Nation* (N. Y.) Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine red ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damozel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

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QUEER SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Knowing it to be the aim of your paper, more than any other in the city, to work with a view to the betterment of the public, and to bring the greatest good to the greatest number, permit me to call your attention to an institution which is more sadly in need of reform than any other, because it contains the life blood which will animate every future institution—i. e., the present public school discipline. Under the existing management, according to the ideas of discipline prevalent with the powers that be, there is the broadest possible latitude for the growth of evil tendencies in very early youth.

While it is a very beautiful theory that the good in young minds preponderates so greatly over the evil, still the fact, as old as the hills, remains, that the evil in our natures can only be overcome by persistent effort or careful training.

The present system of discipline (so-called), for the truth is there is no discipline whatever in the schools of St. Louis, is to allow all license to the child, and the practice is, whether or not so worded, for the teachers to obey the children. Every child of school age in the city knows very well that no matter what breach of good conduct he is guilty of, nor how great his misbehavior, his teacher is powerless to punish him in any way whatever; not even by depriving him of the recess hour. It is true that the principal is supposed to take care of the discipline, but that is supposition only. He never does it. I have heard that there is one woman principal who maintains order in her school. But if there be a male principal guilty of such a charge, inquiry has failed to reveal him to me.

I know of one woman who called upon the teacher of her young son and said: "Miss Blank, I know my son has a very refractory disposition, and I am doing my best to correct him in his youth. I want him punished when he is guilty of such conduct as I learn has been his in the schoolroom."

To which the teacher was obliged to reply: "Madam, I have no authority whatever to correct a refractory pupil. The teachers are under direct instructions to obey the children." It is considered at the office (by what method of reasoning I am too obtuse to discover) much to a teacher's credit, that she "gets along" with her pupils; that no punishment is ever meted out to a pupil in her room. It would be equally praiseworthy in a Police Magistrate never to sentence a prisoner. A neighbor of mine told me recently that she spent the greater part of the afternoon in the room where her youngest child was a pupil, and that the teacher (who ruled, as they all do, "by moral suasion") spent the entire time in trying to have one boy add a little column of figures, not because the boy was too dull to learn, but because he was, at every stage, interrupted by the noisy clamor of the children. When he went to return to his seat, moreover, he was tripped by the protruding feet of the boys on each side of the aisle. She said she had never pitied anyone as she did that young teacher. Also, that she had a severe headache from the din.

This is no reflection on the teacher. When she is not allowed to punish such disorder she has nothing to do but "grin and bear it." I am not complaining of the ruinous effects that this method of procedure has on the nervous systems of the 1,600 teachers in our city; but I do complain of the irreparable wrong that is being done the

forty quiet, well disposed children who are found in every room, by the ten mischievous and thoughtless (not bad) pupils that are also found in every room, and who demand three-fourths of the attention and thus rob the remaining ones of what ought to be the birthright of every American boy or girl, the right to a good basis for self-education. This system of moral suasion, or no punishment, has been in vogue now for several years, and the fruit is beginning to show, as can be seen by the papers. Last week a 15-year-old boy levelled his pistol at his teacher in the school room. A short time previous, a principal of a down-town school was obliged to call in police aid and have a pupil arrested for malicious disturbance of others on the streets. A 10-year-old boy committed a cold-blooded murder and then boasted of his deed. These incidents are as fresh in the minds of other parents as they are in mine, and why the parents who furnish the means for keeping up the schools and the children to fill them, submit without protest to such a system of discipline, is a mystery to me. I have withdrawn my three children from the public schools. I wish them taught obedience and respect for proper authority first of all, and if the dwarfing of their moral natures is necessary in obtaining a little public education, I will let them worry along on what I can teach them. I am told that a favorite expression with the superintendent is that "children have nothing but rights." Nothing could be better than to recognize that fact, but among their rights, and foremost there, is the right to be taught a decent respect for law and order, a recognition of the rights of others, which, if thoroughly imbued in the minds of the children, would lessen crime when these children have attained an age when their youth no longer protects them and they are liable to punishment. It is a frightful thing to say, but I thoroughly believe that the present laxity in discipline in the public schools is as certainly breeding criminals as that effects follow causes. If people would only consider that the purity of the whole depends upon the purity of each composite part. "He is only a school boy," to-day, but in how short a period the actions of that boy may influence the fate of his State or his country! The future of our Government forty years hence will be in the hands of the children who are to-day having things "made easy" for them.

If some of these gigantic minds that are conducting our plan of education could only be brought to comprehend the truth of a few homely adages prized by our forefathers, but, alas, now long rusted from disuse—"the child is father to the man"—"there is no excellence without labor," etc!!

Let some one with the good of his country at heart save the children now, when their voices are too feeble to cry for themselves.

A Parent.

St. Louis, April 2, 1902.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

They made a powerful effort to lift market values in the past week. Success was not very pronounced, however, in spite of a sharp rise in St. Paul, Northwestern common and preferred, Hocking Valley and a few of the specialties. The cliques have evidently arrived at the conclusion that something should be done to inject life into stock exchange proceedings. Besides this, many argue that there has always been some sort of an advance in April and May. This argument may not be very forcible or conclusive, but it has a good deal of influence with those who prefer to go by precedents. It is likely that the late improvement would have gone farther than it did but for the fact that last Saturday's bank statement was anything but encouraging. The material reduction in surplus reserves threw a wet blanket on the budding bull movement, and many hastened to throw their stocks overboard again.

The pyrotechnics in St. Paul common were, of course, largely manipulative, but also founded on the existence of an extensive short interest and an appreciation of the intrinsic value of the shares. Compared with Rock Island, New York Central (5 per cent dividend-payers and Northwestern common, St. Paul common is certainly worth more than current quotations. This has been often pointed out and emphasized in these columns. The stock would not be inflated at 200, and there is strong reason to believe that it will sell there before a great while. The company is earning considerably more than 6 per cent dividend on the common and could comfortably pay 7 per cent on both preferred and common stock. There is also a probability that the property will soon figure prominently in an important railroad deal. Intimations of this kind are growing quite numerous.

The late rise in Rock Island has at last been explained by the announcement that the company intends to issue \$15,000,000 additional stock, bringing the total authorized capital up to \$75,000,000. The stock was manipulated and raised in price in order to make the new capital stock issue more of a financial success. Present shareholders will be more willing to subscribe when the old stock is selling at a fat quotation. It is an old trick that the syndicate controlling the fortunes of the Rock Island road resorted to. The Moore Bros., of Diamond Match fame, have undoubtedly made a nice little pile out of their investment in Rock Island shares last year. Since they took hold, the company has increased its capital stock by the very decent amount of \$25,000,000. Of course, a good part of this increase was needed for extensions and improvements, and thus spent worthily, but the rest could have been provided in a different and more creditable manner. However, the Moore clique wanted to make profits; they went into the matter for a gamble, and with eminent success. Their tactics are not much different from those of Jno. W. Gates. The modern school of Chicago stock speculators does not care a rap for sound, honest methods. They gamble for big stakes and will do anything to accomplish their purposes.

Railroad earnings continue to prove very satisfactory, in spite of disappointing results in the Southwest, where the 1901 corn crop shortage is being seriously reflected in revenues. Railroad companies in the Northwest report, of course, the largest gains, but there are also a few Eastern and Southern lines

which make almost marvellous records in earnings. Judging by late figures, there can be no room for doubting that general business is still very active and prosperous. Judging the utterances of leading railroad officials, and the big orders for steel rails and new equipment, seem to indicate the belief in railroad circles that the present gratifying state of affairs will last a good while longer. In considering present earnings, one must not forget, however, that net results are very likely to be less satisfactory from now on, owing to enlarged operating expenses. Wages and material are higher, and there are likewise grave reports of rate-cutting in various sections of the country.

It is rumored that there will soon be a sharp rise in Wabash issues. Both preferred and common are said to be held by powerful interests, in anticipation of an approaching bulge, which will carry both classes of stock to the highest level recorded so far. The strength displayed by the shares, in the past four months, has certainly been remarkable and caused considerable comment. Yet, taking plain facts and figures into due consideration, it is hard to understand why Wabash issues should go higher. The company is earning nothing on the preferred, and the common is hardly within smelling distance of a dividend. If they, therefore, intend to advance quotations, they must know of something very important and far-reaching. By the way, if all this bull talk about the intrinsic value and prospects of Wabash securities is true, why is it that the "A" debenture 6 per cent bonds do not move up? They are still hanging around 100 or 101. They should, undoubtedly, be worth more; they should be selling at 115.

Louisville & Nashville gave a good account of itself lately. It rose to 109, and the buying of it was called representative and very suggestive. Some may be disposed to say "suggestive of manipulation." Of course, there is manipulation in everything on the stock exchange. In the instance of L. & N., however, the upward movement is amply warranted. The company is doing exceedingly well. While the net earnings, so far in the fiscal year of 1901-02, are somewhat smaller than those of the year before, they are still sufficient to pay about 9 per cent on the stock. The management is spending large sums of money for improvements and additions to equipment. After these expenditures have ceased, it is calculated that the surplus will be equal to about 14 per cent on the total capital stock. In view of these facts, the shares should be worth a good deal more than 109. They sold at 112 last year, and if nothing untoward occurs, they will, before long, cross that level and rise to 125.

Monetary conditions are still very puzzling. Gold exports are likely to be witnessed in the near future, as sterling exchange is strong and continues to rise. It is now within a fraction of the exporting point. New York financiers and speculators are thus placed in a queer dilemma. Easier money means gold exports; higher money means a cessation of gold exports and disturbances in the stock market. As things now stand, there is one way of lasting and really beneficial relief, and that is, heavy liquidation in stock market commitments. If Wall street leaders do not care to invite this, there is only one more way out of the dilemma, namely, by inducing Europeans to renew purchases of American securities. But, as stated here last week, there is little hope, at this time, of a change in sentiment

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towards Americans on the other side of the big pond.

Belief-hungry [bulls] attach much importance to Morgan's visit to European centers. They may have reason for it. Morgan has lots of influence abroad, and may inveigle investors over there into a change of tactics. But Europeans are not as green and credulous as they used to be. They have learned a thing or two in the last year. The Northern Pacific corner of last May proved a distressing shock to the natives on Lombard and Throgmorton streets. They have not recovered yet, and are still wondering "what is going to happen next."

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Things are rather quiet in St. Louis. Brokers are shouting and asking for orders. They are trying to attract customers by sound and fury, supplemented by various alluring "tips" and stories. So far, however, results have been disappointing. But it is hoped that there will be a change for the better soon. They say sap is rising, and that this is a good reason why stocks should be bought for a rise.

St. Louis Transit is dull at 31; there is less demand for it at present, but the bulls are still noisy and predicting sharp ad-

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

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Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	108-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	June 25, 1907	102½-103½
" " 4	A. O.	April 10, 1908	104-105½
" " 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" " 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111-112
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" " 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" " 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" " 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" " 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" " 4	A. O.	April 1, 1914	104-106
" " 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" " 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-105
" " 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-105
" " 4	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	105-106
" " 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" " 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" " 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel. Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	107-107½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	92½-93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94½-94½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-100
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300-303
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	216-217
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	325-350
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	265-268
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p. c. SA	289-291
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	330-340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	167-175
Jafferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p. c. SA	185-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar. 1902, 3 qy	270-273
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar. 1901, 1½ qy	259-262
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar. 1902, 2½ qy	335-336
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Mar. 1902, 8 SA	155-160
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	212-214
Third National	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	253-254

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		172-173
Colonial	100		221½-222
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	270-271
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	445-447
St. Louis	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	373-375
Title Trust	100	Mar. '02, 1½ qy	135-136
Union	100	Nov. '98, 5	463-464
Mercantile	100	Mar. '02, 1, Mo.	415-417
Missouri Trust	100		124-125
Ger. Trust Co.	100		203-204

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1913 106-107
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 100-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly	
St. L. & H. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 85-87
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112½-114
do Merimac Rv. 6s	1914	
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	1909	104-108
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
U. D. 25s 6s	Apr. '02 1½	84½-84½
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89-89½
" 4 p. c. 50s		30½-30½
St. Louis Transit.		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	233-234

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1902 ½	30-30½
" " " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	90-91
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-155
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1902, ½ MO	128-138
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	19-19½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1902, ½ MO	128-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		265-267½
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	93-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	116-120
Laclede Gas. com.	100	Mar. 1902 2 p. c	89-90
Laclede Gas. pl.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	108-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		43-44
Mo. Edison com.	100		16-16½
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Jan. '02 qy 2 p. c	97-100
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar., 1902, 6 A	170-175
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1902, 3½ SA	165-168
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	163-166
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Mar. 1902 1½ qy	16-17
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 2 p. c	46-48
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 4 p. c	41-42½
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	45-52
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '95, 2	1½-2
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb. 1902, 1 qy	72-75½
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135-145½
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	232-240
Westhaus Brake	50	Dec. 1901, 7½	180-181
" Coupler		Consolidated	48-51

vances. They should back up their faith in the shares by bigger purchases. United Railways preferred is dull at 85, and the 4 per cent bonds may be had at 89¼.

It is now said that the Missouri Trust Company will not be absorbed by the Colonial. There are differences of opinion about the value of the title plant of the former. Germania stockholders have sanctioned consolidation proceedings with the Colonial. Missouri Trust is a little lower and very quiet. None of the trust stock shows any decided activity.

Bank stocks are maintained at the current level. Third National is steady at 256. There is a report that another new bank will be started, this time in South St. Louis.

Bank clearances continue large, and money is abundant. Interest rates are quoted at about 5 to 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is firm at 4 88¼. New York exchange is at 25 cents premium.

AN ELECTRIC BATH.

To be literally sprayed with electricity from head to foot, rolled with an electric roller, the wrinkles ironed out of face and brow with an electric glass bulb as a flatiron, and to have the spark of life imparted to any particular section of the anatomy through a wooden ball, is one of the luxuries which a Senator or Representative in Congress can enjoy by simply descending in the elevator to the magnificent marble bath-rooms at either end of the capitol, stepping on to a zinc plate and ordering Chief Electrical Engineer Gliem to "turn on his lightning."

The electrical adjunct to the legislative baths is a comparatively recent addition, and as yet seemingly few members have learned of its wonderfully invigorating effect on a tired legislator. Those who have, however, are constant patrons, and the static machine is creating for itself an enviable reputation as a "next morning" antidote. And for putting a member into condition for a speech in the Senate or House it has no equal.

The static machine creates its own electricity right before your eyes. The machine in the House end stands in a small, marble-walled room. It is driven by a quarter-horse-power motor attached, and stands in a glass case. It consists of ten circular glass plates thirty inches in diameter. These plates, which are placed a little distance apart, revolve on a single shaft through their center. On a line with the shaft rows of double metal combs, with the tips of their teeth close to the plates, gather the electricity as it is generated by the revolving glass. A positive and a negative pole extend out of the case. A platform, insulated by being placed on glass legs, stands near by. On this platform is the zinc plate on which the statesman stands. Over his head is suspended a round brass crown which is connected to the positive pole by a slight brass rod. The different apparatus for administering the electricity are at hand on a board suspended on the wall.

The "bath" generally proceeds in this

order: First, the "chain shower"—two round metal bars about eighteen inches long are connected to the respective poles of the machine by a small brass chain. The electrician holds a bar in each hand and holds his hands about three feet apart. The chain connects the two by running loosely through a metal loop near the far end of the bars. When the current is turned on the one operated on has a sensation as of a warm breeze blowing on him. The "bath" is taken with all the clothing on, but the breeze seems to penetrate it as though there were no obstruction. The breeze soon changes to a warm, prickly sensation. The hair begins to crackle like a bunch of Chinese firecrackers, and when the current is suddenly allowed to descend from the brass crown also there seems to be a general conflagration in progress. However, there is nothing violent or unpleasant experienced.

After the shower and head sprays, if the statesman is in a bad way from the "night before," he takes a chair, and a glass bulb, not unlike an electric light bulb, but with the big end flat, is caressingly brought in contact with his face and brow.

The current for this is obtained through a Tesla coil, and produces very little sensation. A polished metal resembling a small coupling-pin is the throat ironer, and a wooden ball, about as big as a baseball, as the terminus to a metal pole, acts as a mild distributor to any given locality, while a brass roller irons pains out of the back or shoulders simply by rolling it along the clothing.

It only takes a few minutes to take an electric bath, but the results obtained are said to be equalled only by a summer vacation.—Washington Star.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

THREE ENDS OF A ROPE.

When Capt. W. W. Snow, who recently retired from the Boston and Philadelphia line, after a continuous service of fifty-seven years, took command of his first vessel, an Irishman asked the captain if he could employ him.

"Well," said Captain Snow, at the same time handing the man a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have work."

The Irishman thought a moment and then took hold of one end of the rope.

"There's one end, your honor," he said.

Then he took hold of the other end and showing it to the captain as before, said:

"And that's two ends your honor."

Then taking hold of both ends of the rope he threw it overboard, saying:

"And there's an end to the rope, your honor; and that's three ends."

Captain Snow engaged him.—Philadelphia Times.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets,

Has a choice lot of Municipal, Railroad and Corporation Bonds, bought primarily for its own investment, from which its customers are invited to make selections when wanting safe investments for their funds. Personal interviews solicited. Inquiries by mail given careful attention. List of bonds for sale mailed on application.

THE CIVIC IDEAL.

BY FRANK T. CARLTON.

There is no question of greater importance before the American people to-day than that of the improvement of our cities. How shall they be made healthful, clean, beautiful and well-governed? How shall they be made the centers of art and culture as well as of business and trade?

The last half century has witnessed a great change in the life of the people of this country; the enormous growth of the cities is a marked feature. When our government was established the cities presented no particular problems; the fathers of our country did not dream of their future growth and development. We have somehow fallen behind many European countries in regard to the control and management of our cities. Until very recently very little attention has been paid to this particular problem; but the awakening has come; and all over our country we see the signs of it. There is hardly a city or town that does not have one or more clubs organized for the study of municipal conditions and improvements. These clubs are agitating the question of city government, healthfulness, cleanliness, and beauty. Our schools are responding to the call. The future is bright.

Architects have superior opportunities in this work over any other class of men. As the designers of our buildings, private and public, they may endeavor to improve these, building both from an artistic and a sanitary point of view. The topic may be conveniently arranged under four headings, the first three of which I consider pre-eminently important, but less spectacular than the last one, and consequently often overlooked by many people.

First—The home. The planting of flowers, shrubs and trees will, at a small expense, work a great transformation in many of the dingy, dirty and neglected yards of a city. Cornell University distributes, free of charge, pamphlets giving simple directions upon landscape gardening and the cultivation of flowers. The United States Government, through its Department of Agriculture, distributes seeds free of charge.

Second—School buildings and yards. As school buildings are public property, and as they are found in all parts of a city, and further, as here the children spend a considerable portion of their time, the beautifying of the school building, their yards and their surroundings, is of great importance. An instructor in one of our Western cities told me that their best school building is located in the poorest part of the city.

This is right. Children from the squalid and poverty-stricken homes can, for a few hours each day, see something of the beautiful and clean. Chicago and Denver have made improvements along this line. In Rochester a club has, with permission of the School Board, selected barren and uninteresting school yards, planted them with sods and plants, and offered prizes for the one best kept.

Third—Manufacturing establishments and their surroundings. Our laboring men spend at least one-half of their working hours in the shop or the factory. Improvements in ventilation, lighting, cleanliness, and appearance of surroundings are badly needed in the majority of manufacturing plants. Working in dark, dirty and unsightly places, day after day, year after year,

cannot do otherwise than have distinctly adverse effects upon a man, physically and socially.

Fourth—General improvements. Under this head some such subjects as parks, street paving and cleaning, grouping of public buildings, building laws, tenement reform, improvement in street lighting, the advertisement evil, smoke prevention, etc.

It is claimed that the park acreage in twenty-five of the principal cities in the United States doubled in the ten years ending in 1898. Boston has the most complete park system in this country. Boulevards and drives connecting different parks of a city are found in many cities, notably Boston, Chicago and Cleveland. Cleveland is making a notable struggle for the plan of grouping her public buildings on the lake front.

The smoke nuisance is an evil that will sooner or later disappear, as our coal supply is limited. The concentration of heating and power plants will, undoubtedly, in the near future, aid in smoke prevention. In the meanwhile it is possible to abate the nuisance to quite an extent. Prof. Zueblin stated that a large Western city had almost completely rid itself of this evil, thanks to the vigorous action of its health officer.

Steps have been taken in some cities of this country and Europe toward checking the indiscriminate use of side-board advertising, but it will, evidently, be some years before we can hope to do away with this method of disfiguring the streets and drives of a city.

The work of tenement reform has caused great improvements, especially in New York City.

The question of street cleaning is an important one. Methods vary; there seems to be no generally accepted way. Mr. Robinson says: "The thing that counts is not how the streets are cleaned, but that they are clean. One way only leads surely to efficiency, and that is by the creation of a popular demand that the streets be clean." The amount of paper, ashes and other rubbish dumped into our streets and alleys signifies that we have no vigorous "popular demand" for clean streets in this city.

In conclusion, it may be said that the improvement of our cities must be of a graded and steady growth. Small changes for the better have a cumulative effect. Education and example will finally work wonders.—*Toledo Times.*

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two letter monogram except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

In one of the public schools recently, a number of the small pupils were busily engaged in working problems in multiplication, with more or less satisfactory results.

After some time the teacher noticed one little fellow who seemed most unhappy. His cheeks were flushed, his hair tumbled, and tears were very near the surface. The teacher said, in a kindly tone:

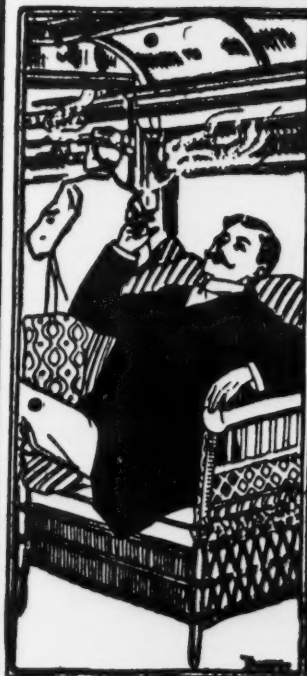
"Well, John, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear, I wish I was a rabbit," replied the boy.

"A rabbit!" exclaimed the teacher, in astonishment. "Why on earth would you like to be a rabbit?"

"Well, my papa says they multiply so fast!" —*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.



CHICAGO & ALTON

KANSAS CITY

Trains Leave St. Louis at 10:00 P. M. and 8:20 A. M. Daily.

**Matchless Equipment,
Reclining Chair Cars (Free)**

—AND—

Standard and Compartment Sleepers

ON NIGHT TRAINS,

Revolving Chair Parlor Cars (Free)

ON DAY TRAINS, AND

Cafe Dining Cars,

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In Table Damasks, Table Cloths, Linen Napkins, Towels, etc., etc., belonging to the New York agent of a Scotch and Irish linen manufacturer, who was cabled while our linen buyer was in New York, "to close out his samples and remit," which he did at once to our Mr. Krietemeyer, at a substantial reduction, and remitted!! The goods are now all in, and will be ON sale this week. Our Cotton Goods will follow suit, and are reduced to keep step with the Linen Stock!! Both will step out at a lively gait in this week if there be any music in the following giving away prices. SEE FOR YOURSELVES, HOWEVER.

DOMESTICS.

- 1,000 yards fine unbleached one-yard wide Sea Island Sheeting; manufacturer's price, 6¼c a yard; our price, a yard.....4½c
- 1,500 yards full yard wide bleached Sheeting; a good, full, round thread, manufacturer's price, 7½c a yard; our price, a yard.....5c
- One case 6-4 bleached Sheeting; one of the best brands on the market; without dressing; manufacturer's price, 15c a yard; our price, a yard.....12½c
- 7-4 Bleached Sheeting, full width, without dressing; manufacturer's price, 17½c a yard; our price, a yard.....15c
- One case 8-4 bleached Sheeting, guaranteed full width, without a particle of starch; manufacturer's price, 19c a yard; our price, a yard.....17½c
- 10-4 Bleached Sheeting, the best on the market for wear and durability; manufacturer's price, 22½c a yard; our price, a yard.....20c
- 200 dozen ready-made Pillow Cases, size 42-36; made of soft finish muslin, no dressing; manufacturer's price, 11½c each; our price, each.....9c
- 150 ready-made Hemstitched Sheets, size 72x90; manufacturer's price, 60c each; our price, each.....50c
- 200 ready-made bleached Sheets, the celebrated Atlantic Mills brand, size 81x90; manufacturer's price, 60c each; our price, each.....55c
- 325 ready-made Atlantic Mills Sheets, size 90x90, torn, not cut; manufacturer's price, 65c each; our price, each.....60c
- 1,000 yards full yard wide bleached Muslin, without a particle of dressing; manufacturer's price, 8 1-3c a yard, our price, a yard.....7½c
- One case of the celebrated G. B. bleached Muslin, in bolts, from 10 to 20 yards; manufacturer's price, 10c a yard; our price, a yard.....8½c

BED SPREADS.

- 165 full-size White Crochet Bed Spreads; manufacturer's price, 85c; our price, per spread.....69c
- 125 large size White Hemmed Crochet Bed Spreads; manufacturer's price, per spread.....75c
- 200 full size Colored Fringed Spreads, in red and blue; manufacturer's price, \$1.15; our price, per spread.....85c
- 100 extra size White Crochet Spreads, extra well hemmed; manufacturer's price, \$1.35; our price, per spread.....\$1.00

NAPKINS.

- 100 dozen 19-inch German Dice Tea Napkins; manufacturer's price, \$1.00; our price, per dozen.....85c
- 200 dozen 22-inch All-linen Irish Dice Hotel Napkins; manufacturer's price, \$1.39; our price, per dozen.....\$1.00
- 75 dozen 20-inch All-linen Damask-finished Bookfold Dinner Napkins; manufacturer's price, \$1.65; our price, per dozen.....\$1.29

TOWELS AND TOWELING.

- 240 dozen 18x36 Red Bordered Huck Towels; manufacturer's price, 15c; our price, per towel.....10c
- 190 dozen 20x40 extra heavy bordered Huck Towels; manufacturer's price, 19c; our price, per towel.....12½c
- 150 dozen 18x36 Bleached Damask Border Huck Towels; manufacturer's price, 20c; our price, per towel.....15c
- 500 dozen 20x45-inch unbleached Turkish Towels; manufacturer's price, 15c; our price, per towel.....10c

CRASHES.

- 1 case 18-inch Bleached Twilled Roller Toweling; manufacturer's price, 5c; our price, per yard.....3c
- 2,000 yards Bleached Russian Crash; manufacturer's price, 10c; our price, per yard.....7½c
- 75 dozen 20-inch All-linen Damask fine Toweling, with Red Border; manufacturer's price, 10c; our price, per yard.....8½c
- 50 dozen 22-inch All-Linen Bleached Napkins; manufacturer's price, \$2.00; our price, per dozen.....\$1.50
- 500 8-4 size, Half Bleached German Dice Table Cloths, manufacturer's price, \$1.25; our price, per cloth.....89c

LINENS.

- 25 pieces 58-inch Bleached Table Damask, good, heavy finish; manufacturer's price, 45c; our price, per yard.....19c
- 18 pieces 58-inch cream Table Damask, extra heavy twill; manufacturer's price, 45c; our price, per yard.....29c
- 15 pieces 66-inch Bleached Satin Damask Table Linen; manufacturer's price, 50c; our price, per yard.....32½c
- 20 pieces 68-inch all-linen Cream Table Damask, with double finish; manufacturer's price, 75c, our price, per yard.....50c
- 17 pieces 68-inch All-linen Bleached Double Damask, in Snowdrop and Floral designs; manufacturer's price, 75c; our price, per yard.....49c

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- 46-inch All-Wool Black Surah Serge.....
- 46 inch All-Wool French Etamine.....
- 44-inch Black Sicilian, only.....
- Actual value, 85c.

Choice at 89c.

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- 54-inch All-Wool Pebble Cheviot.....
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In a recent address, Augustus Thomas, the dramatist, said: "In my mind's eye I am forever producing a drama in which the man of Nazareth shall be the central figure. My Christ would not be the Christ of the painter. I would produce a man such as He must have been—strong and noble and merciful. He would be divine, without effacing the traits of humanity, and human, without forgetting that He is divine.

"As I see Him now, He must have a high forehead. Abraham Lincoln had such a brow. It shows him to be the philanthropist that He was, the man of broad wisdom and humanity and benevolence. His nose would be perfectly straight, and would lack the aggressiveness of the Semitic race. His eye is full and round and clear and mild. He had a strong upper lip, such a one as will allow a man to suffer and wander in the wilderness and fast for forty days. Just such an upper lip as Edwin Booth had. But under it I would have a full, sympathetic lower lip, that would flavor with sweetness the words of wisdom that the tongue would speak. His jaw would be strong and firm. Its shape might even suggest a fleeting thought of resistance to the Roman sway. His head would be long. For if it were flat, like those of the Jews, he would be a nomad. But He loved His home and returned to its hearthside whenever He could.

"He would be tall and well built and strong. His chest is deep. His clothes would be the most common."

AN ACCURATE BOY.

J. A. Smith, Jr., is in the habit of dining at the Gibson House restaurant, and one day during the past week came out second best in a passage at repartee with Claude, the boy who attends to the hatrack.

Mr. Smith sallied forth from the restaurant after enjoying his meal, and as Claude handed him his top-piece he thought he would quiz the lad.

"Is this my hat?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Well, then, why do you hand it to me if you don't know whether it is my hat or not?" queried Mr. Smith sharply.

"Because that is the hat you handed to me when you went into the restaurant," answered Claude.

The boy's answer stunned Mr. Smith, and he did some rapid-fire thinking as he left the hotel.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

OUR OWN COLONIES.

When the young man appeared on the floor of the ballroom clad in a flour sack and a smile, the host rushed up to him with an angry countenance and exclaimed:

"What does this mean, sir? How dare you appear before my guests in such a costume, when our invitations expressly stated that it was to be a colonial cotillion?"

"Well, asserted the young man, "this is colonial all right. It is a costume that came direct from the Philippines."—*Baltimore American*.

"Oh, I'm so glad, dear, that you can manage your husband better. How did you bring it about?"

"Oh, before, I used to go home to mother when he was a brute; now I write for mother to come for me."

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Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.



As to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a bitingly clever one. And against the background of manikins, dudes, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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